Week ending Jan. 9 1960

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

LUDOVIC KENNEDY

How dishonest is our TV?

TOO MANY GHOSTS by PAUL GALLICO

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4

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10

THEY'RE SO SOOTHING

ZUBES are good for your tubes!

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14

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15

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Lemonade and Orangeade crystals

Enjoy the real fruit flavour of drinks made with Eiffel Tower crystals this winter. Enjoy them **HOT**—and keep out winter chills!

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AT YOUR GROCERS **NOW**

16

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Stork from butter

I can . . .
it's easier to cream!

STORK *TABLE MARGARINE*

creamier taste—easier to cream!

JS 376-2617

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JOHN BULL
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189 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
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The Cover

WELL, it's all over, and Christmas is just a pleasant memory. So down, for another year, come the decorations, dying trees and effigies of Santa Claus, patron saint of gleeful children, good cheer and ringing tills. Before Christmas, it was easy to be tempted inside with tinsel fairylands and gift-selling gimmicks. "But the January sales are worth a second thought," advises artist Batchelor. "It pays to weigh the price of those bargains against your chances of survival."

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Demob The Ghost Ships

IN ports all round these islands lie the ghostly shapes of unused ships of the Royal Navy. Some are in cocoons, others, including an aircraft carrier, ride at anchor, useless and almost forgotten.

Every so often one hears about one of these obsolete monsters being broken up for scrap at a loss of millions of pounds to the taxpayer.

There must be a number of valuable uses to which an aircraft carrier could be converted.

It might be bought by a private contractor and turned into a huge floating hotel, sailing slowly round the coast, packed with tourists.

It could be turned by the government into a floating university or training school. Already laid out to accommodate large numbers, it would be an ideal centre for studies, away from the distractions of the mainland.

And private flying, or gliding, would be encouraged if there were a number of cheap floating landing spaces.

The smaller ships could be used in a number of obvious ways. Surely anything would be more sensible than keeping them in mothballs?—J. B. BROWNHILL, Poole, Dorset.

Get Well By Decibel

At the beginning of the century if one was very ill straw would be spread all over the street to deaden the noise of the horse-drawn traffic.

These days straw would be ineffective; cars and lorries race along, loudspeakers blare, jets fly overhead, telephone bells ring.

Possibly all this hectic noise takes our minds off illness and helps us to recover more quickly.—B. B. POND, Dinton, Salisbury.

"The straw—which was generally put down when people were actually dying—was a good idea and it's a pity nothing similar would be effective today," says a doctor.

"Noise places extra strain on sick people and hinders their recovery—although nobody is really sure why."

Sage Among Nags

By the unanimous consent of the people of this town I owned the most intelligent working horse of all time, a large Clydesdale.

When working I would put fifty one-hundredweight bags on each load. He stood like a statue until the fiftieth was in place, then, without being told, would go sixty yards to the weighing machine, stopping dead on its centre.

I then took him to the district in which we were delivering. He knew every customer, and as soon as I said good morning off he would go to the next, even if it were on the other side of the road. Fog made no difference.

In summer housewives near the field in which he grazed preferred him to alarm clocks. At 6.30 a.m. exactly he would stand by the gate waiting for me.—RICHARD WELSBY, Latchford, Warrington.

Doing His Nut

I have just spent a most exasperating evening vainly attempting to get at a washer on a dripping tap of my kitchen sink.

After exhausting my own range of tools I borrowed a hefty adjustable spanner from my father-in-law. Still the nut stubbornly refused to turn, though I applied so much force that the pipe was twisted, turning the tap to an angle of forty-five degrees.

At this stage I decided to abandon the attempt in case the sink unit might be wrecked and went off to

consult a builder. "I'm not surprised," he said, "they're machine-screwed."

He has promised to send a man round, though what can he do—charm the nut off, or take the easier course and install a new sink unit?

Why do the manufacturers make this job so difficult?—B. J. INGLE, Cannock, Staffs.

"We know that taps which are screwed up in a machine get a little tighter than normal," says a household equipment expert. "However, unless they have stuck with age they shouldn't be as tight as this.

"I think that Mr. Ingle has started the job in the wrong way; the best safeguard is to have a plumber in for most jobs, even elementary ones."

Designed For Trouble

In our town we are having a large number of houses built with one large room, a tiny kitchen, three little bedrooms and a bathroom. Into these are moving young married couples, some with two or three small children.

Some of these homes look very pretty—but I can't help wondering whether they are the nests of delinquency or slums of the future.

I have four children and would find it quite impossible without two living-rooms and a decent kitchen.

Clothes have to be dried, ironing and cooking, homework, hobbies, television, friends in . . . there has to be room for them all. How can this be done in these new homes without their degenerating into an irritating, appalling muddle?—RUTH GALE, Hollycroft, Hinckley, Leicestershire.

Fireside Tip

When tending the fire most people just dump a shovelful of coal on top, and then wait patiently for the fire to burn through.

Why don't we take a lesson from the fireman on a locomotive? He knows that it is essential to keep plenty of heat and flame. His method is to put the new coal on one spot and then rake it across evenly. This makes for warmer fires and less smoke.—G. H. EMSLEY, Hull, Yorks.

Trouble Comes Back

Despite labour-saving devices an increasing number of people suffer from spinal disorders and back troubles.

On the estate where I work at least two-thirds of the workers have suffered at one time or another from crippling pains in the back.

All heavy lifting is done by machinery, but the work does entail occasional handling of light weights. This is the trend in all modern industry and one would have thought that backache would now be on the decline.

Can it be that we are losing our powers of weight lifting? If the present rate of mechanization continues we may eventually lose the muscles required to lift things.—DENNIS E. FOGERTY, Fordingbridge, Hants.

"Probably people are not losing the power to lift, but the knowledge how to lift," says a doctor.

"People who have to lift the occasional weight should remember to do so by flexing and straightening the knees—never by bending the back."

Shooting Star Shoals

One night recently I saw more than a dozen stars falling across the sky in the space of thirty minutes. For several cloudless nights after that I did not catch a glimpse of even one.

Then the other night the heavens came alive again. I spent an hour in the cold watching the little streaks of light disappear into space.

Is it the case that these shooting stars, or whatever they are, can be seen only at certain times of the year?—D. SULLIVAN, Killarney, Eire.

"What is known as a shooting star is really a meteor entering the earth's atmosphere," says an astronomer.

"The friction of its contact with air causes heat and before it can reach the earth the meteor is destroyed in a blaze of light, which we see.

"The reason for so many being seen on one night is that at times shoals of them enter the atmosphere: they occur most frequently in August."

Clinic For Birds

I keep a hospital for sick, injured and distressed birds, with a special welcome for oiled-up sea birds. There are many of these round Guernsey's coasts and others are sent to me from the other Channel Islands.

I have done this work for twenty years, even during the German occupation. This year's total is already 333, most of which are quite free in the garden. Some have been here for four or five years and they show no inclination to leave.

The fish bill comes to about £5 a week. Now I am having to enlarge my buildings to take all the birds sent to me.—MARJORIE OZANNE, The Bird Hospital, Les Adams, St. Peters, Guernsey, C.I.

Right Time To Shave

When I shave in the mornings I begin to go "dark" by late afternoon. If, however, I shave in the evening my shave will last until the following afternoon, about twenty-four hours.—P. NELSON, Harrow, Middx.

"The longer one puts off shaving after rising the closer the shave," says an expert. "In the morning the skin is puffy and moist; during the day it dries out and more hair becomes visible.

"The rate of growth never changes, but in the evening the razor gets closer to the roots."

I hated this man who lived for hunting

and killing. Then he planned to kill again—and

learned what it was like to be the quarry

LEOPARD IN THE NIGHT

by BRIAN CLEEVE

THE leopard came at dawn. I was lying on the slope of the hillside in my sleeping bag, drowsing after watching for him all night long. Then, just as the light was coming and I was falling asleep, he was there: dark, flat, dangerous head carved against the sky; great pads falling softly, surely, on the tough, burned grass and the rocks; green, burning eyes—he was magnificent.

I caught my breath, half wishing I had a camera. But these moments don't live in a photograph any more than they live in a stuffed head on the wall. They live only in your mind.

The leopard stopped for a moment, caught by a trace of my scent, or the rustle of dry grass under my body. He stopped and swung his flat, heavy head towards me, considering.

For half a minute we stayed like that, man and leopard, twenty yards between us. And, as I looked into his eyes, for some odd reason I thought of Barb. Barbara, who had been my neighbour once, and my friend, and my love. There was the same greenness of the eyes; the same hungry fierceness, as if their arrogance would challenge

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

Leopard in the night

continued from previous page

the whole world to gain their victories.

Indeed, it was not so odd that the leopard should make me think of her, for when was there a day that I didn't remember her—and then tell myself that I was a fool to waste my heart over a childhood friendship, a childhood quarrel? If we hadn't quarrelled that day five years ago, we might have been old, staid acquaintances by now. Or would we . . . ?

I knew in my heart that that could never have happened. Even now, as the leopard swung his supple, beautiful smooth shoulders, it was as though Barb was there, twisting the strings of my heart in her careless hands.

Then the leopard coughed softly in his throat, and went on up the slope. I watched him until he disappeared into the tumbled, sun-split rocks. And then I lay down and slept.

It was Finn who woke me, my big, sandy-yellow dog that had once been Barb's. I sat up blinking in the nine o'clock sun. It was already blazing hot. Down the hillside the river lay like molten metal, curving round the foot of the hill that jutted like a headland into Verschoyle's farm next door to mine.

Across the river, and up the far slope of the valley, lay Verschoyle's house, new and big and blinding white. And as I looked at it I thought of the leopard again. Verschoyle was going to make trouble about that, about my preserving a leopard on my land without trying to kill it. He'd cleared his own farm of every living wild thing larger than a rat.

Today Verschoyle was coming back from a long trip to Johannesburg. It might be an idea to go and meet him, and get it over.

So at noon I drove over and told his sister that I'd save her the trouble of meeting the train—neither she nor her brother were the kind to waste demonstrations of affection on one another—and two hours later I was at Tembe.

THE station was a wooden platform, a corrugated iron shed, a whitewashed station house, a scatter of dusty black piccanins waiting big-eyed to see "lo train," the weekly enchantment that the white men brought to them.

It wasn't much of an enchantment—one carriage, three trucks, and a small, clattering engine. I saw Verschoyle step down from the carriage, and started forward. When I saw him handing a woman down I stopped, not believing.

Beside me, Finn whined, strained for a moment at my hand on his collar, and then was across the platform like a shot. It was Barb. And I felt five years vanish, until it was the last time I had seen her.

She looked at me, one eyebrow lifted, half-smiling. I wondered if she were remembering that last time too. . . . The smell of blood from the buck that she had killed; the wild triumph in her own green huntress eyes. . . .

"You filthy, bloodthirsty little tramp," I had whispered, and she had laughed in my face.

"One shot," she had exulted. "One." And Finn, three years old then, and her slave, had barked like a maniac.

"It was my buck," I shouted at her. "Mine. This is my land." And I stared into her hard, mocking green eyes, that could be beautiful and cruel at the same time. Cruel and beautiful and unthinking; in all her seventeen years she had never needed to think, only to be. She was the crown princess of 90,000 acres.

"Hit me," she'd mocked. And beside us, sitting on his haunches now, tongue lolling, eyes worried, a growl soft as hidden thunder in his throat, Finn watched us. I had given him to Barb three years before as a puppy, and he loved us both. But Barb he worshipped. If I had lifted my hand to strike her, he would have attacked.

"You see?" said Barb. "You're afraid."

"Do you think I want to hit you?" I said. "You poor ignorant child. . . . Child? You're only an animal."

And she'd only looked at me, with that same mocking smile, utterly sure that even this she could do to me and I would forgive her.

IN that second the scales tilted, and I hated her. "There's your victim," I said harshly, "not here," and pushed her towards the dead buck. She stumbled, and fell sprawling across it, while Finn lifted to his feet, his growl deepening. A trickle of blood from the buck's shoulder stained Barb's white silk shirt as she twisted to face me.

"I'll pay you out for this," she whispered. "I'll pay you out if it takes till kingdom come." Her tanned face was white with hatred. And I knew that she meant it.

And I didn't care. I turned on my heel and left her, and never saw her again from that day to this day five years later that she had come back with Verschoyle. She had persuaded her father to send her to university in Cape Town, and then to Europe.

It was her mother who gave Finn back to me. He had become my shadow as he had been Barb's. But now, on the station, when he saw her, it was the same for him as for me. And that, too, was like a knife in my heart—that he should run to her as if I didn't exist.

Barb knelt down in her white dress on the carpet of red dust that covered the platform, and threw her arms round him. And she looked at me with the lifted eyebrow and cool, hard smile that said, "I haven't forgotten."

And in the meantime there was Verschoyle, big and heavy, his face dark red, and black where he shaved.

"Hullo, Matterson," he said. "Good of you to meet me, man. And look who I've brought back from Jo'burg! An old neighbour and a new fiancée."

"Yes," I said. "Yes." I held out my hand slowly.

"I know John well," Barb said, her voice cool, but her eyes blazing.

"How did you find her, Verschoyle?" I said, trying to sound conversationally pleased.

She answered for him. "I've been in Johannesburg for the past year—and getting very tired of city life. Then I met Peter at a cocktail party."

Her eyes were mocking me again. Had she been such a fool as to get engaged to a man like Verschoyle simply to punish me? *Don't be such a vain fool,* I told myself. *He's just her kind of man.* But he wasn't. You'd

continued on page 22

Language Class

It's perfectly true, Mr. Pfaffer, that in the normal way much useful idiom may be learned from a perusal of popular magazines. I feel you would gain more benefit from this form of study, however, if you did not confine your reading, as you seem to have done, to the boys' magazines of thirty years ago.

"I say, look here you fellows, play the game" may have been acceptable dialogue for a schoolboy of those days, but I am not surprised to hear that eyebrows were raised when you used it at your social club's whist drive to indicate that you were ready to begin a hand. "Whose lead?" might have been a better way of conveying the same thought.

You say that when one of your English friends suggested a visit to the National Gallery you replied, "My dear old bean, what an absolutely spiffing jape." Your friend's subsequent coldness of manner may well have been due to a suspicion that you were being derisive or, in the current idiom, "taking the Mickey." "Good idea" would have been a more acceptable answer.

Don't be discouraged by this criticism. There's certainly no need to feel "jolly miserable" about it, or to phrase it quite like that if you do.

PATRICK GOLDRING

Department Of Utter Failure

1. I instructed the cleaners to dye the rest of the waistcoat soup-colour.
2. I don't think it can have said, "Add half a pound of pepper," after all.
3. I thought it best to cut the fork off level with the turkey.
4. I placed the hyacinth bulbs carefully in the fibre and buried the bowl deep in ashes . . . somewhere.
5. I told Sister about the missing swabs when I came back from Blackpool.
6. I waited until the end of October, then I gathered my apple.
7. I told my wife to pick up the steps and place them underneath me, and never mind about the chandelier.
8. I told the sergeant that there were four wheels when I started.

ELDON CARRAN

No Alternative

I hate a man popping the question,
Rhetorical though it may be—
"Who's moved it? Who's had it?
Who's thrown it away?"—
When he knows jolly well it was me.

HAZEL TOWNSON

And Now A Word From . . .

"You scored more goals last season than any other player in the division, didn't you, Mr. Briggs?"

"I was lucky with my refs."

"I see you're very modest."

"I despise refs, that's all. My wife's brother-in-law is one. Can't even grow a tomato: all-round incompetent."

"I expect you'd like to say a word about the support you've had from your team."

"They keep out of my way. Yes, I will say that for them."

"What do you think is the most important thing about football?"

"The chance it gives for the outstanding man to come to the top. It doesn't happen everywhere. It doesn't always happen in politics. I shouldn't dream of going into politics myself."

"Can you remember the first goal you scored in an important match?"

"It'll be in my diary upstairs. If any constituency came to me and said, 'Fred Briggs, be our Member,' I should say, 'I've never been much of a chap for Back Benches. How long am I going to have to wait before I get on to the Front Bench?' "

"Have you any advice for the rising generation of footballers?"

"Get some slow-motion pictures of me and study them carefully. Now take a constituency that. . . ."

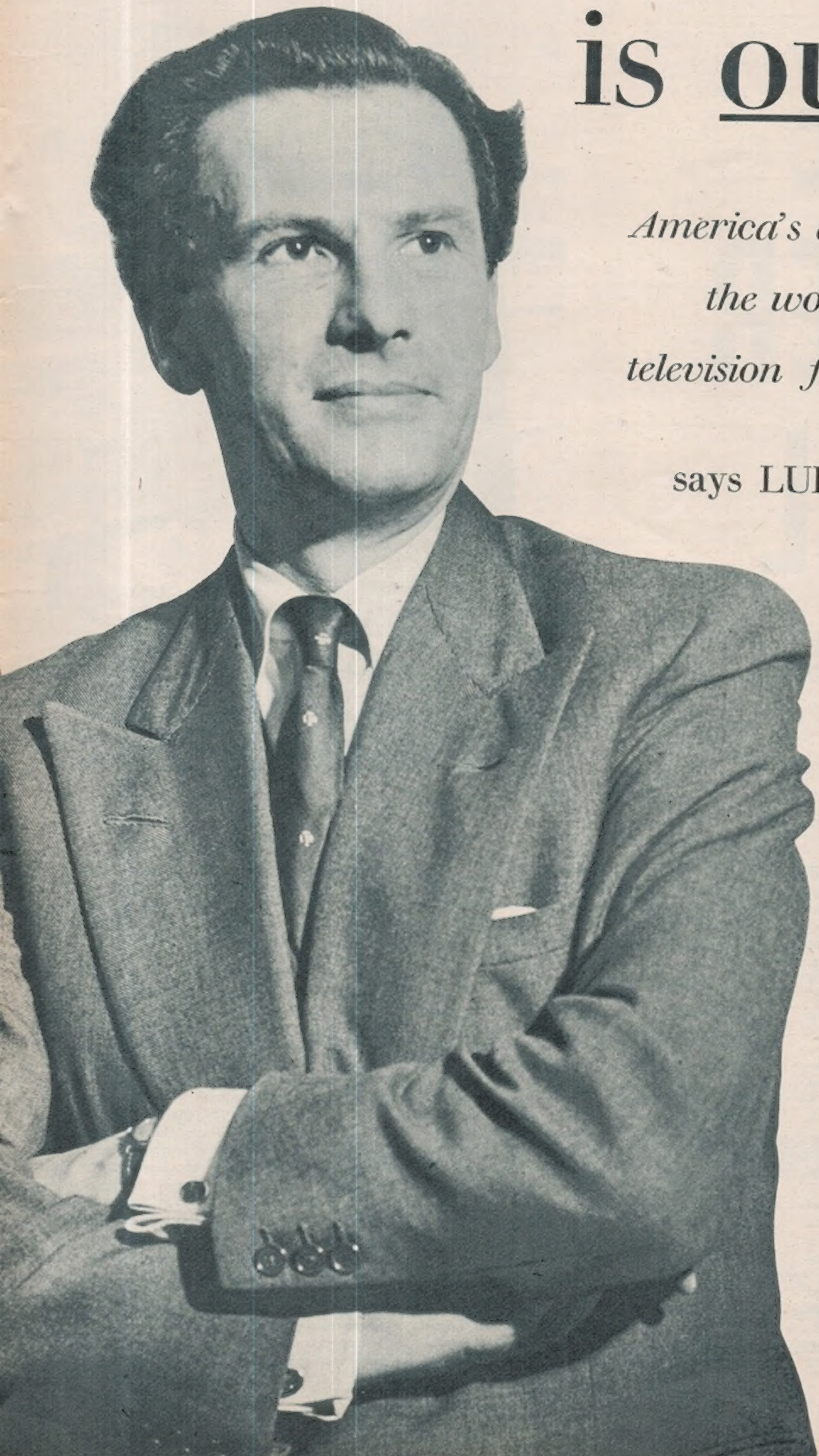
HOWARD BROOKES

Host

A host must be a butler and
Assistant cook, must shake each hand,
Must be a mixer, both of drinks
And people, taking out the kinks
In conversation, filling pauses,
Must, with a laugh like Santa Claus's,
Guffaw at jokes he's heard before
And even, bravely, beg for more . . . .
Butler, barkeep, politician,
Psychologist, perhaps physician
(Or surgeon—he can carve a roast),
He is so many he's a host.

RICHARD ARMOUR

How dishonest is <u>our</u> TV?



America's quiz scandal shocked the world. But British television fools viewers, too . . .

says LUDOVIC KENNEDY

To many people in this country the revelations about Charles van Doren and the American quiz shows gave a kind of vicarious satisfaction. All very deplorable, they thought, but that sort of thing can't happen here.

In this they were wrong. That sort of thing can happen, indeed *has* happened, here; the only reason that it has attracted less attention is that it has attracted a great deal less money.

There was Miss Leonora Millington, for instance, who won more than £5,000 on Granada's *Twenty-One* quiz but who was a failure later on B.B.C. She admitted that on *Twenty-One* she was told "five days in advance" what category the questions would be in.

Help with the answers

Stanley Armstrong, who fell at one of the early fences in the same game, said: "I was given definite leads to questions I could expect to get, and assistance with some of the answers."

Nor has this "rigging" taken place only in a big-money quiz show. Several years ago a man whose wife was appearing on *What's My Line?* told me that she had been given information "to make the show more interesting."

I myself once took part in an ITV guessing game in which one of my fellow panellists, a nervous starlet, was given help by the producer.

Even in those programmes which are clearly not rigged, many people seem to *think* they are. The other day my wife appeared on *The Brains Trust*. The following week several people congratulated her on "keeping your end up with Bronowski and Ayer." But they felt obliged to add: "Of course, you saw the questions beforehand."

Freddie Grisewood is continually getting letters from listeners who think the *Any Questions?* team see the questions in advance; continually he assures people they do not.

All this brings up the much wider question of how much deception there is in television

continued on page 25

HOW CLEVER ARE YOU AT SPOTTING

THE SUPER SELL

by René Lecler

THE young suburban housewife I stopped outside a supermarket in Bexleyheath, Kent, had been "got at"—but she didn't know it. "I only went in there to buy a piece of steak and some frozen peas," she said. Together, we emptied her shopping bag. Besides the meat and vegetables, she had, in half an hour's shopping, bought a jar of mincemeat, a box of fancy biscuits, three scouring pads, a gramophone record, a sixpenny book and a saucepan with a coloured lid.

I asked her whether she was short of saucepans in her kitchen. She thought for a second and replied: "No, not really, but my sister-in-law's got those pans with coloured lids. They do look nice hung up in the kitchen, don't they?"

Was she unhappy about the amount of goods she had bought? "Unhappy? No. It's all good stuff. It'll come in handy. . . ."

There was no point in asking her why she had bought them. The shopkeeper, together with statisticians, economists, merchandising experts and advertising tycoons, already know. She had followed a pattern to gladden all their hearts.

The steak, the frozen peas, the mincemeat and the scouring pads were part of the forty-eight per cent of total purchases which Britain's housewives have made up their minds to buy before they go into a shop. The fancy biscuits and the book represented the fourteen per cent which housewives would buy at some time or other. The record and the saucepan were part of the remaining thirty-eight per cent—the things housewives buy on impulse, because they see them.

Music, smell, colour . . .

Unknowingly, the Bexleyheath housewife was caught up in one of the biggest business revolutions ever to affect the British scene. She was the reason for a tremendous forward march of modern persuasive methods, motivation research and subliminal advertising which is rapidly changing our national shopping habits. Quite cheerfully, she had submitted to a calculated onslaught of colour, lighting, display, music and smell, all cleverly designed to make her spend.

In the world of retailing, things are not what they used to be. Going fast is the small shopkeeper standing behind a cluttered counter serving customers one at a time. Coming in even faster from over the Atlantic is the brash, penny-bright idea of one-stop shopping, everything under one roof and buy what you can carry away.

"There is nothing basically new in that, of course," a retail trade expert told me. "In the old days housewives used to go to the markets, where different stalls, packed close together, sold almost everything she required. If something wanted a bit of selling, there was the spiel of the stallholder. Now the spiel is advertising, the music and the announcements in the supermarket. Nothing has changed. They have just put a roof over the lot."

In a suburban department store which, this Christmas, opened a self-service toy fair for the first time, I watched customers taking away teddy bears, construction kits and even tricycles, helping to pack them and lining up at the cash registers. One of the floor managers told me: "We've doubled our toy turnover this Christmas. This thing is big."

It certainly is. In 1948, there were no self-service shops in Britain. Today there are 250 supermarkets, and six thousand individual self-service stores. Entire trades are moving into the help-yourself trend. The stationery trade is being revolutionized; so is the chemist's shop, the ironmonger's, the hardware shop and the shoe shop. Some stores already have a conveyor belt, pedal-operated by the girl checker, to speed parcels on their way.

A whole new science has grown up to spur on this mass salesmanship, and it is revealing fascinating facts about the British shopper.

Experts now know that the housewife takes ten steps into the store before she gets into a buying

THE DODGES THAT MAKE YOU BUY?

2

All these pictures show ways of getting you to buy those extra items. See how many you can find. Answers on page 10

3

mood. So the storekeeper measures out the steps and places a huge display of high-profit goods just where the housewife is ready to buy. Another fact is that the British housewife dislikes having to disarrange a neat display. So the shopkeeper drops everything in bulk right in her path. On an average, he sells five times more cans of soup if they are placed higgledy-piggledy in a huge bin than if they are neatly stacked on a shelf.

Pile it high and sell it cheap—that's the formula. Mrs. Sheila Ingram, one of the directors of Anthony Jackson's Foodfare, Ltd., a firm which has opened twenty-eight supermarkets in six years, gave an example. Last year the firm bought a huge consignment of small electric fires, put a five per cent profit on them instead of the usual one-third, and piled them ceiling-high in one of their supermarkets.

They sold ten thousand in three weeks.

You have to pass by

The new storekeeper also knows that when a woman goes shopping for her family she will have to buy meat anyway. So the meat counter is placed at the far end of the shop, and she has to pass every display in the shop to get to it. Have you ever wondered why fancy items like nylon curtains are next to tea in your supermarket? The

4

continued from previous page

reason is simple: you will *have* to buy tea, and you cannot miss the curtains.

Notice how, in most good supermarkets, all the "gondolas"—the display counters—are placed end to end, leading away from the door and back again. This is so the customer will have to walk all the way past them, turn around and go back the other side. There are no cross passages because the shopkeeper does not want her to hop from one line of goods to another. He wants her to see everything. Notice also the width of the aisle. If the store is well planned it is almost certainly six feet wide. This is because experiments have shown that if the aisle is wider the customer will look at only one side of it. If it is narrower she will not bend to reach the goods on the lower shelves.

Goods visibility is something which all supermarketeers talk about. Every item for sale has to be clearly visible from as many angles as possible. One firm even advises its managers not to stick posters on the walls, in case they should detract from the goods. Most goods, of course, sell best at eye level, and merchandising experts know that most people tend to look slightly downwards. So the height of displays is calculated to enable the customers to look down at the goods on top.

That is another reason why staples like tea, sugar and flour are always placed low down on the counters. For those the housewife will bend down anyway. This leaves the eye level space free for those items which she may buy on impulse, because she sees them.

There has been little resistance to the new art of salesmanship. Only in a few cases has the shopper shown doubt.

'See for yourself'

After a long study some years ago, Sheila Ingram found that older women shoppers disliked the idea of buying pre-cut and pre-packed meat. They had been brought up to choose the meat themselves and order a cut. So in all her supermarkets she replaced the back wall behind the meat counter with a sheet of plate glass. This allowed suspicious shoppers to look right into the brightly lit, clean and hygienic pre-packing department, where they could see butchers in traditional clothing cutting and packing the meat. Within a week her meat sales had increased by twenty per cent.

In common with most supermarket operators, Sheila Ingram firmly believes that she is making shopping quick, easy and exciting for Britain's housewives. Most supermarkets now have pram parks, trolleys with a place for baby to sit in, coffee bars and "car-boys" to take parcels to the car park. Most of them also have background music.

Not long ago I stood in a newly opened supermarket in Harrow, Middlesex, with David Harris, managing director of Sound Marketing Ltd.

Three years ago Harris conceived the bright idea of making Britain's housewives shop to music. Today, a million of them in the south of England listen to the music he provides without realizing that he knows their tastes and what sort of music makes them buy extras more cheerfully.

In a back room of the supermarket there is a large twin-tape playing deck. One tape holds two hours of continuous music. The other holds spot sales announcements of fifteen seconds' duration, such as: "Take home somebody's ice-cream . . . it's the tops," or "Thinking of what to get for supper? Try so-and-so's stewed steak." Every three minutes the mechanism of the advertising tape automatically turns down the volume of the music tape and the announcement comes on.

If the customer's ears are being got at, so are her nose and her eyes. The "smellies" are already invading Britain's new stores since, two years ago, a manufacturer of modelling clay hit on the idea of putting a fudge smell into his product. It sold—like fudge.

Led by the nose

In the United States, shoe polish now comes in five different aromas, and women's flowered summer dresses are sprayed with the appropriate perfume. In Britain, one manufacturer is already leading women by the nose to buy men's wear by treating shirts, underclothes and ties with the smell of new-mown hay. One shopkeeper who sells these goods said: "I wouldn't like to draw any inference—but it works. . . ."

Colours have long been part of the merchandiser's art, and in Britain today no mass manufacturer of goods would put a new item on the market without paying attention to the colour of the package. Coffee bags are an example. Most women associate dark brown with good coffee: the darker the bag, the stronger its contents are supposed to be. In supermarkets, favourite packaging colours are reds, yellows and blues.

Lighting specialists, too, have their favourite tricks. One is to place light fittings lengthwise from the front of the shop to the back. The long lines of lights have a slightly mesmeric effect which makes most people eager to walk right through the shop. Another simple bit of lighting psychology now being used in supermarkets is a tungsten light with a red tinge over meat counters.

Sight, sound and smell are Britain's newest and most persuasive salesmen, and experts believe that they have hardly begun to make their mark. But what about the housewife? I asked a psychologist how she would fare under the impact. "Not so badly," he said after reflection. "There is nothing basically wrong with the whole thing and we are all subjected to it in one way or another. After all, there is nothing that gets you into a restaurant quicker than the pleasant aroma of good food cooking. The danger might lie in these aids to salesmanship being overdone."

Still startled by the amount of goods which we as a nation are supposed to be buying on impulse, I asked an economist what effect this could have. "At present," he said, "nothing but a beneficial effect. This country has an expanding economy and a rising standard of living. To do even better we must buy and spend, manufacture and sell. There is no other way."

Finally, outside a large supermarket in the Home Counties, I asked a forty-two year old housewife what she thought of it all.

"I love it," she replied. "In the old days I used to make four main stops—grocer's, greengrocer's, butcher's and baker's. Now I make one stop and get everything at once. Everything is light, fresh, interesting, and for me the shopping scene changes every week. My husband," she added, "often comes with me."

THE END

DID YOU SPOT THE SUPER SELL?

1 *You want to buy sugar . . . and find it on the bottom shelf with an eye-catching display of luxury chocolates above.*

2 *Tins of soup are left higgledy-piggledy. Shoppers are said to be reluctant to disturb neatly stacked displays of goods.*

3 *Her way to the meat counter is blocked by a rack of books. She moves aside, but her eye is caught—and she buys . . .*

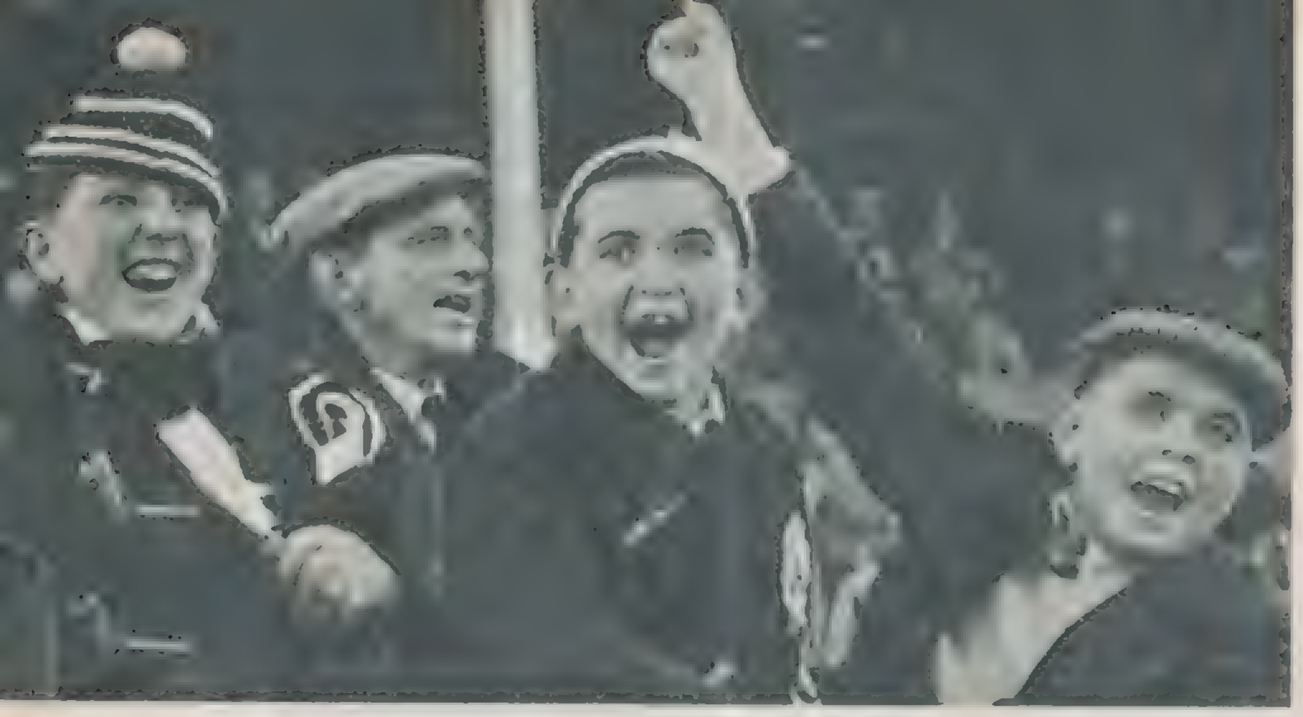
4 *At the cash desk the housewife has to stand in a queue. And tempting her while she waits are small packets of sweets.*

ooooh!

It's the thrill of the cup—when one kick can kill a giant and put . . .

Your team in the money

by ALEX LANCASTER



ooooh!

ONE night in December, 1956, the Lord Mayor of Norwich announced gravely from the city hall that the chairman of Norwich City football club, James Hanley, a local shoe manufacturer, had resigned, together with seven other directors. They left the club urgently needing £7,000 to complete its league fixtures and pay the players' wages.

Startled Norwich citizens responded quickly. A local business man gave £3,000, a newspaper gave £500 and thousands of people put their hands into their pockets to make small donations. The club survived.

In the following two seasons, another £25,000 was raised by public subscription to keep the club solvent. In the first year the team finished at the bottom of the third division and 20,000 supporters became fewer than eight thousand.

By January last year the club was fourth from the bottom of the league table. Then the "Canaries," as Norwich are called because of their yellow and green jerseys, beat Manchester United, cup finalists the previous year.

Later they beat Cardiff City, Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield United to reach the cup semi-final, in which they lost by one goal in a replay with Luton Town.

The "giant-killing" cup run made Norwich City household words in Britain and transformed the club's economy. Their eight cup matches, which included three replays, drew 435,000 spectators and in August the club declared a profit of more than £10,000. Although Norwich were beaten early in the cup this season, the giant-killing glitter has never tarnished. "Our attendances this year have been more than 20,000 fans a game," says James Hanley, who was re-elected to the board in 1957.

To the third and fourth division clubs fighting a weekly battle for survival against rising costs and decreasing "gates," the cup trail is a golden one. By winning three or four cup matches between November and February, a small club not only cashes in on the biggest money-maker in British sport but ensures a balanced budget for several seasons through higher attendances.

On Saturday twenty small clubs, survivors of seven qualifying cup rounds, get down to the stern task of trying to slay forty-four first and second division "giants" in the third round proper of the competition.

In theory the cup itself is then only five wins away, although a small club has not reached the final since Tottenham Hotspur, then a Southern League side, beat Sheffield United in 1901.

For this reason bookmakers are always threatened with big losses through "giant-killers" but never have them. Last season bookmakers were laying £2,000 to £1 against Norwich winning the cup. When the East Anglian side reached the semi-finals the odds had slumped to eight to one. Three Norwich bookmakers stood to pay out £110,000 if City won the cup.

Even smaller clubs, not in the four divisions of the Football League, cash in on the cup. When Yeovil Town, a small west-country club, beat Sunderland in the 1948-49 competition they were invited to play a match in Barcelona for a guaranteed £1,800 and £1,200 expenses.

Posh earn a place

The cup exploits of Peterborough United, a Midland League side, nicknamed "The Posh," are likely to bring them full Football League status next year. In anticipation, their supporters' club is putting up £113,000 for a new grandstand and floodlights. "Our fans are so used to us killing giants that they get cocky when the cup comes along," says Jimmy Hagan, their manager.

This year Peterborough lived up to their reputation by beating the fourth division leaders Walsall by three goals to two, and so reaching the third round for the third time in four years.

Last year Peterborough made more than £6,000 from three cup matches and two replays. This season's three cup matches have brought them in £2,800 and there is more to come.

All happy at Bath

But if Peterborough uses its cup prestige to try to gain admittance to the Football League, Bath City, another of this year's non-League "giant-killers," shies away from this idea.

"League football in the third or fourth divisions is uneconomic. We are the envy of most league clubs and we want to stay that way," says their chairman, Arthur Mortimer. Nearly 26,000 cup fans saw Bath beat Notts County by one goal on December 5.

On Saturday they are at home to Brighton and Hove Albion. If they win, there is always the prospect of a fourth-round visit, on January 30, to one of the glamorous First Division clubs like Arsenal, Manchester United or Tottenham Hotspur, to play before 60,000 spectators.

Players of small clubs, most of whom have part-time jobs and earn far less from football than the league's maximum of £20 a week, reap a rich reward from cup success with advertising, radio and television appearances, and gifts from well-wishers. Reaching the final at Wembley is worth more than £1,000 to each player in perquisites.

But according to Dick Duckworth, who is

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For thirty years he had kept

a secret. Now another man knew—and was determined to make him pay

MURDER WILL OUT

by SIMON TROY

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER BRABBINS

GEORGE MUDEY unlocked the shed, pulled back the sacking and looked down curiously and with some satisfaction at the skeleton he had found in the shallow, disused well near his back door.

After thirty years or so a skeleton is an impersonal sort of thing. Even the rotten fibres of clothing that still hung about it did not make it seem any more human.

George Mudey had lived in Folds Cottage for ten years. He had bought it from the executors of old Mrs. Craik, who died in 1948. Remembering Mrs. Craik, seventy-odd, arthritic and nearly blind, George Mudey didn't think she'd had anything to do with the skeleton.

Last night, to refresh his own memory, he had put a few casual questions to the locals in the Dog and Gun. Mrs. Craik had occupied the old place for a matter of fifteen years, though it had belonged to her family for generations. About 1933, widowed, she decided she would come to live there. So she turned the tenant out. . . .

And the tenant in 1933 was William Crowther. And William Crowther was now mayor. And George Mudey had envied, detested and hated William Crowther since they were boys together. . . .

George Mudey, at sixty-five, was grey and bald, with a sharp nose and a little wet-lipped mouth. He was an auctioneer who had made enough to retire early and had managed all his life to reconcile church-going and a sanctimonious façade with sharp practices of the safer kind. Even now, as a councillor, he never hesitated to use a bit of private information for his own profit.

Tonight there was a meeting of the council's general purposes committee, of which he was chairman. When the meeting was over, he turned along the green-painted corridor from the committee room to the mayor's parlour. He tapped, opened the door a crack, and put his sharp nose inside.

"One moment, Mr. Mayor?"

William Crowther signed and blotted a letter before looking up. "Come in, George."

George Mudey closed the door behind him and diffidently took a chair on the mayor's left hand. "It's a ticklish business, Mr. Mayor," he said.

William Crowther was a head taller than his visitor, a slow-moving, thoughtful man. "I could have told you they'd veto the expense, George," he said. "Don't worry—it'll come up again in a few months."

"I'm not thinking," said George Mudey, "about the bus station. It's the house, William."

The mayor signed another letter. "What house?"

"My house. Known as Folds Cottage, situate in Church Lane. You remember it?"

William Crowther dropped the letter into a wire tray. "I should think

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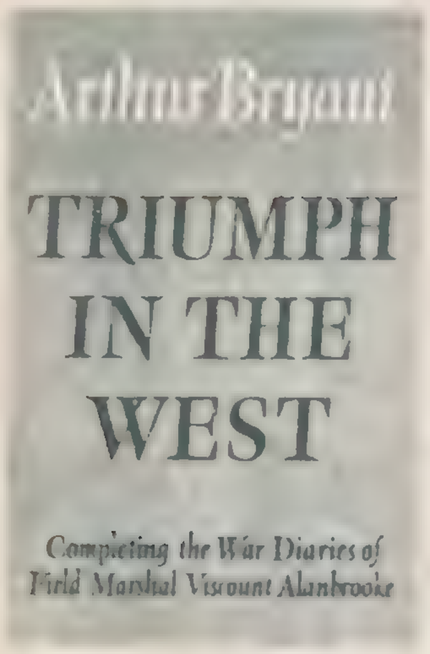

THE ALANBROOKE DIARIES

Victory and now my work is done

At times I felt I could not face one more day. Yet I would not have missed those years for anything on earth . . .

Montgomery, Alanbrooke (centre), Churchill and an American

FINAL INSTALMENT

WITH their train of several hundred experts and clerks, the Allied leaders arrived at Yalta in February, 1945, at a moment when Russian military prestige stood at its highest.

Since smashing the thin German lines in Poland three weeks before, their armies had swept westwards for nearly three hundred miles and were now only forty miles from Berlin.

The Russians were, therefore, in a mood of elation. They were ready to welcome their allies with their usual profuse oriental hospitality, but they meant to use the opportunity given them by the West's procrastination to drive the hardest possible bargain. They were no longer mainly concerned with defeating Germany but with dominating as much of Europe as possible. By doing so they would both enlarge the bounds of Communism and safeguard Russia's future.

They wished to make sure that their allies contained Hitler's armies in the west and south by continuous offensives until, with the re-establishment of its communications and the hardening of the ground in May, the Red Army was ready to resume its advance on Berlin, Vienna and Prague. The Western Powers, too, wanted assurances that the Soviet High Command would maintain pressure on Germany while they were engaged in the hazards of forcing the Rhine.

It was this that Field Marshal Alanbrooke, the Chief of Imperial General Staff, together with the American General Marshall and their naval and air colleagues, had come to Yalta to discuss with their Russian counterparts while Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin wrestled with one another over the political future of the world.

Accounting to Winston

Alanbrooke wrote in his diary:

"February 5. We started our day with a Chiefs of Staff meeting at 10 a.m. to decide the line on which we should run our meeting with the Americans and Russians. At 11.30 we drove to Antonov's (General Antonov, Red Army Chief of Staff) H.Q., half-way to Yalta.

"When Marshall, Leahy and King finally turned up we started work.

"After three hours we broke up at 3 p.m.

"At dinner, Winston came up to me and asked me to come round to his dinner-table in his room as soon as I had finished to give him results of our meetings. I gave him a full account and asked him how he had been getting on. The highlight of his remarks was that the President had said that the Americans would only remain in Germany for two years after the end of the war.

"Last night Stalin showed great reluctance to propose the King's health, stating that he was a republican; Americans failed to take our part. Stalin made excellent speech proposing Winston's health, stating that he alone had stood up against the might of Germany at the critical moment and supported Russia when she was attacked, a thing he would never forget!

"February 7. A most interesting day. We

commander, General Simpson, tour the array of "dragon's teeth" in the captured Siegfried Line in March, 1945. Two months later the war was won

left at 9 a.m. for Sevastopol and to see the British Crimea battlefields on the way.

"February 8. At 12 noon we drove over to meet the Americans for our final meeting. This all went through quite early and now we are at liberty to draw up our final report. We have, however, been invited to a banquet by Stalin tonight at 9 p.m. This will mean one of those late nights with many toasts and much vodka.

Stalin in good humour

"Later. Our dinner was, as I expected, a lengthy affair. We left here at 8.45 p.m. and returned shortly after 1 a.m. The dinner, as usual, consisted of a series of toasts which went on continuously with the result that most courses were cold before they reached one or before one could settle down to try and eat them. Stalin was in the very best of form and was full of fun and good humour, apparently thoroughly enjoying himself.

"The standard of the speeches was remarkably low and mostly consisted of insincere, slimy sort of slush! I became more and more bored.

"February 9. At 12 noon we had our plenary meeting with the P.M. and President and had our final report approved, and received our usual reward of compliments on our good work!

"I then had a quiet afternoon writing letters and finally had to dine at 9 p.m. with Winston, who had invited Marshall and Alexander. A satisfactory feeling that the conference is finished and has, on the whole, been as satisfactory as could be hoped for, and certainly a most friendly one."

With the military work of the conference over and with Montgomery's great offensive to close on the Rhine launched two days earlier, Brooke and his colleagues were anxious to return at once to England.

On February 8—two days before Brooke left Yalta—Montgomery's offensive to clear the Lower Rhineland opened with the biggest barrage of the war.

During the first two weeks after the C.I.G.S.'s return from Yalta, while Montgomery, repeating a familiar pattern, drew the German reserves into the mêlée on his left so as to weaken resistance to the impending American attack on his right, Brooke's diary recorded little of importance.

One night Brooke dined at the Palace.

Dinner at the Palace

"It was a very small party—just the King, Queen, Portal and myself. The King and Queen were, as usual, quite extraordinary hosts and made us forget at once the regal atmosphere of the meeting. The King thrilled about the new medal ribbons he was devising and had an envelope full of them in his pocket; the Queen, charming and captivating, interested in everything, full of talk and quite devoid of any regal stiffness. There is no doubt that they are a wonderful pair."

Churchill, who had broken his return journey

continued on page 26

TOO MANY GHOSTS

. . . brilliant . . . romantic . . . haunting

by PAUL GALLICO

The traps for the phanto

set, and Hero was r

anything—except a jeal

ALEXANDER HERO had made a vital discovery. It was no ghost that was trying to drive Susan Marshall from Paradine Hall. It was flesh and blood. A fiendishly dangerous, fiendishly malevolent person. . . . Hero had been hired to investigate a haunting. Isobel, spinster sister of Lord Paradine, had seen her bedroom furniture hurled down by unseen hands. A poltergeist was alarming the guests at the country club in the east wing—notably Mrs. Spendley-Carter, wife of a blustering M.P. A harp had played by itself. Susan Marshall's room had been devastated. And, at night, the Paradine Nun, spectral harbinger of doom, had laid an icy hand upon her throat. Susan, American friend of young Beth Paradine, was courageous—and beautiful. Sir Richard Lockerie, widower friend of the Paradines, was in love with her—Hero could tell that at once. So was Mark Paradine, Beth's brother. Hero himself was drawn to Susan, and she to him. He was a man not invulnerable to women. Vivyan Wilson, a club guest, suave and attractive, knew that. . . . Now Hero had tried an experiment, and it had worked. He had succeeded in duplicating the ice-cold hand at Susan's throat. No supernatural explanation was needed. And he had made a new and horrible discovery. While he was with Susan in her room, the handle of the bolted door turned. When he opened the door to investigate he found on the floor outside a splotch of moisture. . . . Susan's night-walking enemy had tried to return—this time with acid.

PART FIVE

HERO had made a leisurely breakfast, and now he needed a walk. One of the setters from the stable attached itself to him and led the way. Hero let it. He did not wish to go anywhere in particular, he merely wished to go. Paradine Hall and its problems would keep until he returned.

The setter, its copper-coloured flag waving gaily, led the way through an open door in the wall, and then south along the river bank. Hero followed contentedly, breathing in the fresh salt breeze blown in from the sea.

The dog suddenly went into a hysteria of yappings, friskings and shriekings, and Hero saw that it was leaping upon and kissing a small boy who was fishing in the river with a split cane rod and reel and float. The boy pushed him away, crying: "No, no, King! Go away. Go home.

He was a handsome little boy of about nine, with light, curly hair and blue eyes.

"Hallo, friend," Hero said. "Who are you?" There was a slight bend in the bank at that point, and a large tree just around the corner, and King ran off to it.

"I'm Julian Lockerie," the boy said. "My father is Sir Richard Lockerie. Who are you? Are you from the Hall? You must be or you wouldn't be out walking with King. I've just come back from school. I'm on holiday. Daddy gave me this new rod."

"Alexander Hero at your service," Hero replied. He motioned with his pipe to the spot on the river where the float had suddenly disappeared. "I think you're about to do some business, young man."

The tip of the rod had begun to quiver and dance. "Auntie Beth, Auntie Beth!" the boy shouted. "Come at once! Oh, do come at once, please. I have one."

Beth Paradine appeared from around the bank and the tree, where she had been sitting with her book, but she stopped quite suddenly when she saw Hero. She had been crying; her eyes were still red and her face swollen. A tear-sodden handkerchief was in her hand.

The dog galloped frantically back and forth between the child and the girl. The fishing rod shivered and shook. Hero saw, wondered, and decided that the thing to do was simply to ignore what he had seen.

"I seem to have stolen your dog," Hero said. "Or, if I may put it the other way round, he has stolen me. You're just in time to witness the climax of the angler's drama."

Beth smiled and came forward. "Ah, well done, Julian," she said.

The boy elevated the rod and a fair-sized tench landed flapping on the bank in their midst, until Hero put his foot on it, disengaged the hook and dispatched it with a sharp blow from his stick. "Well done!" he said. "Your father will be very proud of you."

The boy stared at his prize rapturously. "I'll give it to Daddy for his supper when he comes home, Auntie Beth." Then he said to Hero: "Daddy's gone out sailing with his new girl, but he'll be back for tea, won't he, Auntie Beth?"

Beth said: "Of course."

"Daddy has a new girl. Her name is Susan. I like her," Julian informed Hero again. "But I love Auntie Beth best—oh, I do!" He suddenly ran to her and threw his arms about her, and she about him. He said: "I'm not going to give the fish to Daddy, I'm going to give it to you. It's for you."

Beth said: "Darling, it's such a big one—we'll all have some of it. How clever of you to have caught him!"

"But this gentleman helped me do it," Julian said.

"It was nothing," Hero said. "It's all your fish. I repeat—your father will be proud of you."

"Do you know my father?" the boy asked.

"Yes."

"Is he going to marry Susan?"

"I don't know," Hero replied, with some slight formality. "He hasn't said." Julian asked

Caught in the beam of the torch, Hero said quickly: "She saw the apparition of the nun. And she came here to warn me"

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

PROWLER WITH A PIS

n nun were

ady for

us husband

STOL

GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

It's time we worms TURNED

As I passed a school the other day I heard a chorus of young voices chanting "Rule, Britannia." We no longer rule the waves, and it seems silly to let children think we do, but the phrase which strikes a particularly hollow note today is "Britons never shall be slaves."

Every day the boa-constrictor of bureaucracy tightens its grip, and as the number of prohibitions increases, the right of the individual to live his own life without being compelled to do this or forbidden to do that grows weaker and weaker.

We are hedged about by a multitude of petty restrictions. Our cities are plastered with instructions and interdictions to the motorist; our licensing laws are a maze of do's and don'ts; and an Englishman's home is his castle just so long as Authority refrains from interfering.

Give a wriggle

No doubt some restrictions are for our own good. There was a time, for instance, when you could have smallpox or scarlet fever or tuberculosis without telling the authorities. For the safety of the public these are now notifiable diseases.

This is reasonable enough, but though it is a long time since Mr. Public Worm actually turned, every now and then some new dig from the authorities makes him wriggle.

Every new general election fills an ever-diminishing number of people with the hope that the politicians, who sounded so bright and eager at the hustings, will do something about it. But they never do.

Your telephone can still be tapped in spite of the findings of a Royal Commission. If the police tow away your car they ransack it.

You might suppose that you have the right not to stand in a bus queue, but a few weeks ago a man who was waiting for a bus but who declined to stand in the queue was arrested for causing obstruction. You might think, at least, that you have the right to stand outside your own front door. You would be wrong.

Louis Goldberg stood on the pavement outside his front door in Stepney for a breath of fresh air. A policeman told him to "move on." Mr. Goldberg quite naturally refused. He was fined £2, with the alternative of fourteen days' jail.

Just recently we had a prime example of the kind of high-handed, illogical bureaucratic behaviour the public must put up with. At Selsey, a wall was constructed to prevent the encroachment of the sea, which might eventually have endangered some houses. The people living in these houses, on the fringe of "this sceptred isle," have been asked to contribute huge sums towards the cost of this wall. In some cases £1,000 was demanded.

This seems to be absurd. In the first place because there is no hope of getting the money asked for—some of the people are pensioners.

Secondly, on the grounds of plain common sense it is unfair. The government, through the taxpayer, pays for our protection against enemies, real or imaginary. People living in centres of heavy industry, which are especially likely to be bombed or attacked, are not expected to pay more than those who live in relatively safe areas. Britain's coastline is a national concern, and it seems silly to pretend otherwise.

It is not only the national government that seeks to squash Mr. Public Worm. He also has to avoid the big flat feet of the local authorities. If he is lucky enough to get a council house, some local authorities will tell him what colour he may or may not paint his front door, and even how high his rose bushes must be.

If he happens to own house property, a Ministry housing inspector may call to look it over. His report will not be published, and Mr. Public Worm may find his property taken from him at nominal value. The owner of some houses in the Midlands was given £1 for them at compulsory purchase. By whom? The local authority. For what purpose? Demolition? Development? No, for letting. So that now the corporation gets the money instead of the owner.

She still pays

Look at the other side of the picture. Years ago the seaside village of Hallsands, Devon, was wrecked and ruined by a violent storm. An old lady still lives in the one house that the storm left undamaged, but for the honour of living in this deserted, ruined village, without proper services or roads, she still has to pay rates.

This is probably less surprising than the fact that so far nobody has compelled her to move from her home, "for her own good."

In the national interest we must have powers of compulsion, but they should be sparingly used, and a mass of petty restrictions should be swept aside.

Perhaps the time will come, however far distant, when we can go where we like without a passport, buy eggs and bacon or fish and chips on a Sunday, and stand outside our own front door without breaking the law.

In the meantime, there must be thousands of people like me, fed up to the teeth with orders and restrictions, with do's and don'ts, who look with sullen resentment at the label on the medicine bottle which says "Shake the Bottle," and feel inclined to do nothing of the sort.

It may be for my own good, but I don't like being ordered about.

And I suspect this is just the way most people feel about "the powers that be."

THE END

continued from page 16

Beth: "Why can't you be my mother?" Then he became distracted by the fish. . . .

Hero turned away along the path. This put a whole new light on matters: Beth Paradine was in love with Sir Richard; but, oblivious of this, he was in love with her best friend. *That* would want sorting out too.

It was approaching noon when Hero saw Meg's crested and monogrammed chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud draw up at Paradine Hall.

Lord and Lady Paradine, together with Isobel, came forth to greet her. Huggins appeared to take charge of the luggage.

Hero smiled happily to himself, and thought, *if you only knew what naughty things my dear sister has in those cases!*

He thought he would give Meg time to settle down a bit before he paid her a visit, remembered that he had wished to consult the tide table he had asked about, and went to the telephone room to look for it.

When he got there he was aware that the Spendley-Carter child had joined him. She said: "What are you doing?"

Hero said: "I've told you. I'm looking for ghosts."

Noreen said firmly: "There aren't any in there. I know where they are and I know where they aren't."

Hero regarded the child quizzically for a moment, and then said: "Well, that's useful. I may call upon you sometime to show me where they are."

The tide table was there, attached to a bit of string, available to anyone. He examined it; and started with surprise. "What the devil is the date today?" he said.

"It's Wednesday, July the sixteenth," Noreen said.

Hero said: "I know, love. That's just what I was afraid of." And to himself he added, *Tonight's the night, then.*

"Mr. Hero," Noreen said. "Why don't you come and see our ghost?"

She brought Hero back from his thoughts. "Eh—what's that? Your ghost—which one?"

"The one that makes Mummy sick—but I'm not frightened of it. The other two gentlemen have seen it."

"Mr. Jellicot and Doctor Paulson?"

"Yes. They *loved* it."

Hero regarded Noreen, but there was neither scepticism nor amusement in his eye when he asked, "What time? Does it keep a schedule?"

"In the afternoons sometime, when Mummy's there," Noreen said. "It hates Mummy, but it loves me."

"Will you be there?" Hero asked.

Noreen reflected for a moment, and then replied: "I might—if I knew you were coming. I love you." Then she went skipping off out of the room.

Hero stood for a moment lost in thought. Then he went to find Meg. When he strolled into her room, she looked up from her unpacking with just the slightest air of guilt and anxiety. "Oh, Sandro," she said, "was I just too awful? I thought perhaps you might like something a little impressive. . . ."

"My dear Lady Margaret," Hero said and kissed her cheek, "you were absolutely superb." He eyed appreciatively an expensive-looking brown leather handbag that stood upon her dressing-table. "Ah," he said, "Little Snooper. We'll be wanting him immediately. I think I've been invited to see a poltergeist this afternoon."

"Oh," said Meg, "by whom?"

"Personal friend of the ghost," Hero said. "A child. Her parents are real nasty bits of work. The poltergeist doesn't like them."

"Oh-ho!" said Meg.

"Exactly," Hero echoed. "Oh-ho! I'd prefer to get that one settled first."

"That one?" Meg raised an eyebrow.

Hero said somewhat bitterly: "This place is riddled with ghosts. And it's not only ghosts that I'm dealing with."

He brought her up to date on the further attempts to drive Susan Marshall from the Hall, and the horror of the acid splotch outside her door.

"Is Susan Marshall very attractive?"

Hero said irritably: "Certainly—but what's that got to do with it?" He felt that exasperation that comes to all men when women hit the bullseye.

Meg was suddenly contrite. "I *am* a beast to tease you, Sandro. But you did ask me once to keep an eye on you."

He said: "Oh, I suppose it's called for, and if it's love affairs you're interested in, you've come to the right place. This house is a prison of torments."

Meg was serious at once. "Love," she said, as though it summed up the miseries of the world, "Love!"

"And hate," Hero said soberly. "As for the love part, Sir Richard Lockerie is in love with Susan Marshall, the American girl. Beth Paradine, her best friend, is eating her heart out for Sir Richard, whom she calls 'Uncle Dick.' "

"And who else?"

"Mark Paradine has fallen head over heels for Susan, too."

"And Susan?"

"The great uncommitted."

"Whom does Isobel Paradine love?"

Hero blinked for a moment at his sister's question, and then replied, "Paradine Hall, apparently. In the meantime, young Beth consoles herself looking after Sir Richard's boy, Julian, who has just come from school. Lady Paradine is not at all pleased with the possibility of Susan as a daughter-in-law—I gather Susan's crime is having no money, as well as engaging the affections of her son. Lady P. also hates Isobel. Cousin Freddie hates everyone—an attitude, as far as I can gather, which is mutual. And someone hates Susan Marshall enough to entertain the notion of spoiling her looks with acid."

Meg shuddered and said: "Who?"

Hero replied: "I don't know, and it may be an accident that it all coincides with the reappearance of the nun."

"Ah, well," said Meg practically, "maybe we can get our teeth into something there. A ghost that wanders about in a nun's habit, bearing acid, ought to register on film."

Hero said: "Mmmh—but what won't is a harp that plays by itself in a locked room in which there is nobody."

Meg was watching her stepbrother narrowly. "Sandro," she said, "you're really worried, arent you?"

He replied: "Yes. What if this were the break-through? What if 'something' instead of 'someone'—not necessarily the nun—were playing that harp?"

Meg asked: "Have you seen and heard the harp yourself?"

"Not yet, but I'm hoping to. I'm pretty sure there'll be some trouble tonight." Hero struck his head with the heel of his hand. "I can't find anything wrong with the harp, and I can't seem to work out any way of doing it myself either. And yet, when I went into the music room, there was something there that I couldn't get at, and which is driving me up the pole." He looked fiercely at Meg and said: "Even if I find out *how*, there's still the *why* to know before this house can be de-haunted."

"Let's see if we can settle the 'how' first," Meg said.

She opened one of her bags, removed a layer of lingerie and revealed a nest of equipment.

There were half a dozen of the small ×-100 wide-angle lensed cameras, each no bigger than a bar of soap, and fitted with a suction cup which held them to ceiling or wall, and which, using infra-red film, when coupled with an infra-red flash, took pictures in the dark.

There was also Meg's and Hero's adaptation of an 8-mm. ciné camera.

"Beautiful," Hero murmured, looking down at them. "We'll try out the ×-100s tonight. I should say about five of them would do for a start."

When lunch was over Hero managed to isolate Sir Richard Lockerie and manoeuvre him into the library.

"I probably shan't have another opportunity to talk to you alone," he said. "I'm not certain what kind of a performance is scheduled, and I need one more of our side alert, so to speak."

Sir Richard said: "Yes, yes, you may count on me." But he was not exactly sure now that he completely trusted the young man he had been instrumental in bringing in to solve the hauntings.

"Good," Hero said. "Whatever you see or hear, or think you may see, don't

continued on page 21

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

Divided we stand

by ROGER SMITHELLS

Rearrange the rooms in your home when you want, using movable partitions and lightweight room dividers

Two G-plan Librenza room dividers side by side split off the sitting area from the dining-table in David's new studio flat. The units are identical, with shelves, a drop-front cupboard or writing bureau, and two cupboards. Walnut-finished, with ebonized legs, they cost from £40 6s. each

I LIKE to have plenty of space. I get a cramped feeling in a house with tiny, box-like rooms: the furniture always looks overcrowded, and you feel that the room's untidy if so much as an ash-tray is out of place. For this reason, I welcome the modern trend for living more on an open plan. One big, airy room can be divided into separate areas for different purposes, without sacrificing the overall feeling of space.

Some people object to this way of living, because of heating difficulties. If you have central heating, of course, there is no problem. But dividers do not all follow the draughty coffee-bar pattern of jungly plants clambering up thick bamboo poles. You can also have sliding or folding doors, or one of the latest vinyl-covered concertina partitions. When closed, they make an actual, draught-proof partition, splitting the room into smaller, more easily heated units. These are a new development, with several advantages. They are simple to install, have no tracks on the floor, but run only along one in the ceiling. When folded back, they take up hardly any space at the side of the room, or inside the width of the door-opening.

Clever use of flexible partitions can give you an elastic-sided house, with great possibilities for seasonal changes of appearance. Large rooms are more pleasant in summer, so you can throw the doors open, shutting them again when winter's cold makes you want to cut draughts to a minimum.

Walls where wanted

A partition between sitting- and dining-room makes a big room when you want to have a party, cuts off food smells from the sitting-room for every day. One between the dining-room and kitchen simplifies serving. A flexible wall in the biggest bedroom allows you to carve off an end as an extra small spare room for a child or occasional guest. In a room shared by two children, a partition could split it into two at night time, or divide the play area of one child's room from the sleeping part.

These flexible vinyl doors are very easy to operate. They are made in many finishes, the most usual being simulated leather. One firm makes a budget variety called Wallfold covered in beige, which you can paint to match your scheme with a choice of special paints. Prices vary according to the mechanism inside the partition.

A room divider need not be an actual partition. Any piece of furniture which marks the division between two parts of a room is as much a divider as a folding wall, though furniture dividers rather suggest a division than actually make one.

You can use anything to divide a room. A settee turned sideways, at right-angles to the wall, and backing on to the dining-table, will effectively divide a sitting from a dining area. So would a sideboard, treated the same way. Old pieces of too-large furniture, which are often overpowering against the wall, lose much of their largeness, and serve a real purpose turned round as dividers.

Several firms also make special pieces for the purpose. Most of them follow a definite pattern, starting with a basic frame, on which you can mount your own choice of a number of component parts. You can get bookshelves, plant-holders, writing-tables, record or drink cabinets—and there is even a folding dining-table which is mounted on a divider frame.

All kinds of blinds make effective dividers. You can see some of them used in the sketches on the next page. You can also combine blinds with furniture, or put two chests in a row, and link them to the ceiling with a wooden framework, bamboo poles, or the new Quickfit room divider rods, which expand to fit between floor and ceiling. Jardinières of pot plants, and well-used climbing ivies and creepers will decorate a bare framework prettily, though you must be careful not to let them get out of hand, unless you want your house to look too like a coffee-bar. If you never remember to water the plants, the C.W. self-watering jardinière will do the remembering for you for a fortnight at a stretch.

Screens are also useful for dividers. I have seen a plain one used effectively as a family photograph scrapbook. Larger versions, using home-made and ready made screen sections, are among the ideas on the next page.

Folding walls for fluid planning

◀ Three widths of pinoleum blind divide the kitchen-diner of a one-room flat from the bed-sitting area. The blinds will all roll up for parties

Marley Space-Savers are vinyl-clad concertina doors in many sizes. They take up very little space when open ▶

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

THEIR VIEWS COUNT

Gordon Wilkins, OBSERVER

The Triumph Herald—"I do not know any other small car which offers such a combination of riding comfort and road holding."

Dudley Noble, FINANCIAL TIMES

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H. Mundy, THE AUTOCAR

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Ian Nickols, SUNDAY TIMES

The Triumph Herald—"This is not merely a revolutionary car in respect of design, but it is thoroughly practical and it works very well."

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The new experience in motoring!

Write to Standard-Triumph, Coventry, for copy of "What the Press Think"

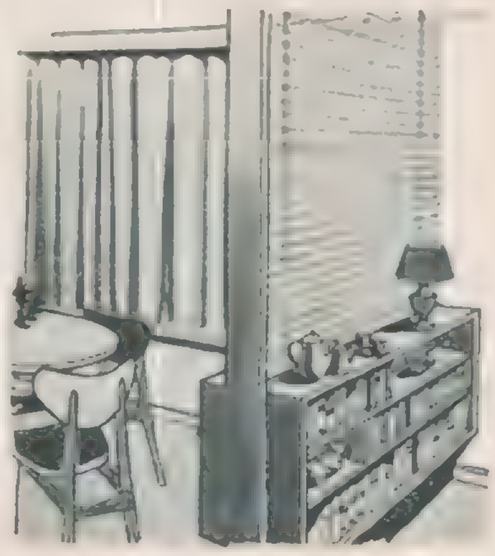
STANDARD TRIUMPH

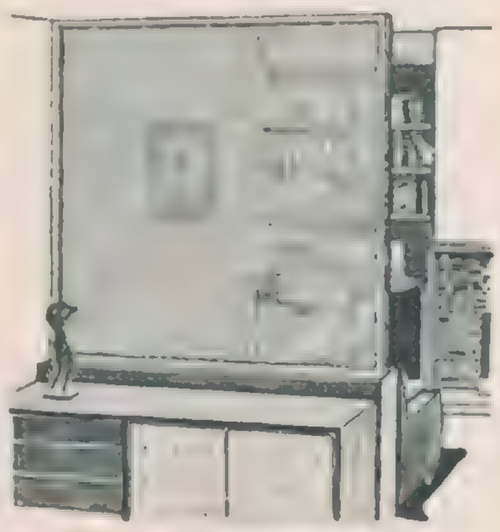
MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

Furniture as dividers

The Ercol ready-made room divider of solid beech and elm, with a natural waxed finish, is adjustable, costs £35 12s. 6d.

A double-sided bookcase takes two lots of books or ornaments: here it is linked to the ceiling by a venetian blind in a wooden frame





A sheet of reeded glass makes a decorative room divider, mounted on a sideboard, in a wooden or metal framework

Groups of furniture like these matching Fyne Ladye units made a useful low-level divider with double-sided storage

Bamboo poles in a frame make a basis for a room divider of plants. Climbers can be trained to grow up it from the jardinière

A decorated hardboard panel fixed on rods, backs on to the settee and is used to make a draught-preventing divider

Too many ghosts

continued from page 18

pursue and don't try to touch—leave that to me."

"Ah," Sir Richard said, "then you'll be setting a trap for the ghost?"

Hero looked at him curiously and repeated: "'For the ghost'? Not at all—for people. What on earth would be the use of setting a trap for a ghost?"

Sir Richard looked disturbed and shocked. "You mean we're all under suspicion?"

"Yes."

Lockerie laughed somewhat grimly. "That's a good one! Who will be watching me?"

Hero said calmly: "I will."

Sir Richard smiled. Then he said: "When might one expect . . . ?"

Hero replied: "At about three o'clock in the morning there will be one hellish rumpus. It will come from the neighbourhood of Isobel's room, where the manifestations first began. It is my theory that the disturbances will spread to other parts of the house, including the east wing. The nun may be seen again, the lights go out—the harp may play; I am hoping that it will."

Sir Richard said: "That's quite a programme! And if it takes place, exactly what is it you wish me to do?"

Hero said: "Put out your light, open your door. You may stand in the doorway, but do not come out into the corridor or prowl unless. . . ."

"Yes," said Lockerie, following intently, "unless?"

For a moment Hero felt himself at a loss for words, or how to put it, and finally said: "There is someone here—I need not mention names—who means a great deal to you. I want her watched—and protected. Should she appear, you may follow her and see that she comes to no harm."

Sir Richard looked up sharply, and his face had become suddenly flushed. "Ah," he said. "Then you know?"

"Yes," Hero replied, "I know."

It was his first and only serious mistake of the entire investigation. . . .

He returned to Meg's room later in the afternoon. He found her changed into a brown ensemble. She was walking about the room with her brown handbag clutched under one arm. Now and then she would pause, stand still, turn around, move off again.

Meg said: "Rehearsing. One's hand gets out after a while. Stand there for a moment, like a good boy." She turned her back. After a few moments she said: "Perfect."

Hero said: "How can you tell?"

Meg replied: "Practice. It just wouldn't do to have it rigged up with the viewfinder and go peering at it, would it?"

"What have you been up to, my love?" Hero asked.

Meg said: "I've wangled an invitation from Spendley-Carter to come and see their ghost. Your Mr. Jellicot is coming, too. I thought he was a pet."

Hero said: "Did you now? I'm not quite so sure."

From the Spendley-Carters' large bed-sitting room, there opened out a kind of small alcove, which could be cut off by a curtain, now drawn back. In it were Noreen's bed and a dresser with a mirror, as well as a small table, at which Noreen sat, busily painting.

Hero went and looked over her shoulder. He said: "That's not bad, young 'un. Wants a bit of black mixed in with that green, and then you'll have those shadows just under the trees."

Noreen looked up and whispered: "Oh, I'm so glad *you* came."

Hero inspected her drawing a moment longer, and then sauntered back to the group, being most careful not to stand too close to his step-sister. "All these disturbances wouldn't be your imagination, would they, Mrs. Spendley-Carter?" he asked. "Forgive me for seeming incredulous, but often in cases like this

Sylvia Spendley-Carter emitted a sudden gasp and then a wail of fright as an object came sailing through the air and fell with a crash of breaking porcelain at her feet.

"Ha!" cried Spendley-Carter. "There you are! Now are you convinced?"

The object was a small vase, one of a pair from the mantelpiece.

There was a swish and two thuds as an apple and an orange fell from the ceiling and rolled into a corner, and flint pebbles clattered to the floor.

Mrs. Spendley-Carter began to shake, hid her face in her hands and squealed agonizedly, like a muffled pig. Spendley-Carter was too triumphant even to notice her. In her corner, painting imperturbably, Noreen giggled shrilly and carefully mixed black with green.

"There, you see?" cried Jellicot. "A genuine apport!"

He made to pick up one of the pebbles on the floor when Hero cut him off sharply.

"Don't touch it!" he exclaimed and, kneeling suddenly, drew from his pocket a small, dark instrument with an oscillating needle. Swiftly he held the little box close to the so-called apport on the floor—the flint. The indicator needle quivered and jumped.

"What the devil's that?" Spendley-Carter asked.

Hero replied: "A little notion of mine—supersensitive to heat."

In the corner of the room there was a tall, slender mahogany flower stand, and upon it a brass bowl containing roses. The flower stand now suddenly teetered and fell over with a crash and the brass bowl scattered its contents over the floor. Mrs. Spendley-Carter rocked and moaned. While the others gazed at the scattered flowers, a trussed chicken ready for the pan sailed into the room, from which quarter no one could tell, and then more stones.

Spendley-Carter bawled: "Well—are you satisfied now?"

"The chicken came in through the window," said Jellicot. "I saw it." He went over to it and looked down, adding: "There isn't anyone down there—there isn't anyone in sight at all." Which, considering that the window was shut, seemed rather superfluous.

Meg murmured: "I shouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it."

Noreen came over to Hero with her painting. "Is that where the black should go?" she asked.

Hero inspected the drawing. "Yes—but straight lines are better than wavy."

The child nodded. "How do you like our ghost?" she whispered. "Isn't it fun?"

"No," Hero replied. "Not really."

She went back to her table clutching her drawing and picked up her brush again. Hero watched her and caught her looking at him in the mirror, and when she saw his reflection she smiled a funny, friendly, doubtful little smile.

Jellicot had picked up the chicken and was regarding it with wonder and affection. "I'll wager the mischievous entity stole this from the kitchen."

"In that case," Hero remarked drily, "I expect cook would be glad to have it back again." Then he added: "Don't any of you care what is happening to Mrs. Spendley-Carter?"

She was prostrate on the couch now, close to a state of shock from terror. Hero placed a hand on her brow.

He said: "You must try to pull yourself together. I assure you there is nothing to be afraid of. If you can bring yourself to ignore this, there will soon be an end to it. Poltergeists are very much like children, they like to attract attention. If you don't give in to them, very often they get bored and go away." He rose and said to Spendley-Carter: "I suggest you get Doctor Winters to look at her."

Spendley-Carter said: "Damn it, I know how to look after my own wife."

"Well then, do so," Hero said abruptly. "She is ill. . . ."

Back in Meg's room Hero said: "Well? Do you think . . . ?"

"Lovely," said Meg. Opening her bag, she took out Little Snooper and examined the film indicator. "We ought to have about forty shots from which to choose. The light was fine."

Dinner that evening was a somewhat nervous affair, even though at Hero's suggestion the Paradine candle lighting was omitted and the meal served under lamps. But it went off without incident.

FAILURE—1

Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail, in good spirits.

R. L. Stevenson

After the men had drunk their port and later joined the ladies in the library, the parties broke up for bridge and billiards, leaving Isobel, Lady Paradine, Mrs. Wilson, Cousin Freddie, Meg and Hero to desultory conversation.

At half past ten, as she had arranged with Hero, Meg pleaded change of air and sleepiness, and asked if anyone would mind if she went to bed. Mrs. Wilson brightened perceptibly, and Isobel said: "Of course, Margaret—I'll just come with you to see that everything is in order."

They left together and, when Isobel did not return, Lady Paradine stifled a yawn and said: "I suppose what they will do is sit up there and talk endlessly. Isobel always captures anyone who knew her father. I'm afraid I can hardly keep my eyes open." She arose and retired.

Hero hoped that Isobel would not remain too long with Meg, but counted on Meg's ability to find an excuse to be alone. She had her job cut out for her—the setting of the cameras before the others came upstairs, with the trip threads ready but not yet attached.

Cousin Freddie turned his unpleasant gaze to Hero and Mrs. Wilson and said: "Two down and one to go. That leaves just me."

Mrs. Wilson said to Hero: "Perhaps if you gave him sixpence he'd go away. Isn't that usual with nasty little boys?"

"It's a shilling now—everything's gone up," Freddie said. "I thought you two had been angling to be alone all the evening. Don't forget to be grateful." He wandered off.

Mrs. Wilson said: "I'm terribly nervous, Alex. I feel as though something were about to happen."

He asked her: "Something pleasant or unpleasant?"

She looked at him quickly then, as though to be sure of his meaning, but his face was so impassive she could not tell. She repeated: "I don't know—I'm all on edge. I feel like a child that wants to be comforted."

At that, Hero sat on the arm of her chair and took her hand in his. She leant her head against his arm. Her hair was fragrant and exquisitely soft. It was starting him on the road to trouble. He knew, and did not care. "Better?" he asked.

"Yes, much better," she said.

Hero bent over and let his lips touch her hair. There was the sound of a footstep. Hero managed to put six feet between Mrs. Wilson and himself before Isobel poked her head in through the door. "Oh!" she said, "everyone gone off to bed? I think the bridge party is about to break up."

It had. Susan, Beth, Mark and Sir Richard came in from the drawing-room. The other four had already gone off. The billiards players arrived, too.

Major Wilson said to his wife: "Coming, my dear?"

"Yes, darling." She rose obediently. Hero did not look at her.

Cousin Freddie said loudly: "Somebody owes me a shilling."

They looked at him blankly, and for a moment everyone stood around and said nothing, until Hero fished in his pocket and flipped him a half-crown. "Here's two and six," he said. "You've been a darling boy."

Lord Paradine said: "Well, goodnight all. Let's hope there won't be any trouble. Hero, I'll expect you to see to it if there is."

Hero wondered for a moment whether he should warn them, and decided against it. To do so would be to bring about a change in the conditions.

Major Wilson gave his silent laugh, and then said: "Hah! There'd better not be any—I have my service pistol."

Hero, who was at the door, turned around and said: "I should lock it up, Major. Never hunt a ghost with a gun."

"What's that, young fellow? Why not, I'd like to know?"

Hero paused; and then, in a voice one uses to try to explain something difficult to a child, said: "Well, there's this, Major: if it should be one, a bullet just doesn't do any good—it simply goes right through and smacks into the opposite wall, damaging the plaster. And if it isn't, you never can tell which one of us you might kill."

He thought that rather a splendid line on which to leave them, and went upstairs, hoping that Meg had had time to plant her little boxes, and wondering how long it would be before it would be safe to set the trip threads.

He did not undress but, hooding his reading lamp so that its light would not be revealed beneath the door, sat in his easy chair and waited. At ten minutes to three he put out the light.

When his eyes had become thoroughly

Helping Hands

"We thought a little music might cheer you up"

continued from previous page

accustomed to the night and he was able to recognize objects in the room, he went to the door and stood there listening. At last his straining ears heard a sound—creeping footsteps. He waited for an instant, and then softly opened his door—and then there was a woman in his arms.

It was Vivyan Wilson. "Alexander," she said softly. "I came because I was frightened. I've seen the nun."

Instantly he knew she was lying.

"And your husband?"

"He's asleep. Nothing ever wakes him once he's taken his pill." Then she was whispering: "Alexander—what does it all matter? Alexander. . . ."

FROM somewhere in the house there came suddenly an appalling crash, as though some heavy piece of furniture had been overturned, followed by a kind of subterranean groaning.

Mrs. Wilson was really frightened now. "Alexander, what was that?"

He said: "Quiet!" and then murmured: "Right on schedule."

From the east wing there issued a clatter as though someone had tipped a set of andirons down the stairs, followed by a woman's piercing scream. Hero mastered an impulse to laugh. He thought: *If the major has slept through that one, he's good!*

But the major had not. He appeared suddenly in the corridor in dressing-gown and slippers, red-eyed, his hair tousled. In one hand he held an electric torch, in the other his service pistol. He was fuzzy, ruffled and angry. He said: "What the devil are you doing with my wife, Hero?"

Hero said: "She heard a noise at her door, investigated, and saw the apparition of the nun. She came here to warn me."

The major blinked at them. He was not sure whether he had caught them or not. In his befuddled state, he was afraid of making a fool of himself. He was angry, jealous and dangerous. He said: "Go back to your room, Vivyan. As for you, sir——"

Hero cut in with: "Go back to your room yourself, sir, and put up that gun. There's something loose in this house. I've told you not to hunt ghosts with a gun. If there is a tragedy, it will be on your own head. I want this corridor cleared. I have enough on my hands as it is. Go to your room."

The authority in Hero's voice cut through the muddled wits of the major. He reversed the gun in his hand and, holding it by the barrel, looked at it and then at Hero. "If I thought . . . ," he said, then turned and shuffled off after his wife.

A door slammed, and Hero heard a man's voice—Lord Paradine's—bawling: "What the devil's the matter with the lights."

Hero shook himself slightly and wiped his brow. Mrs. Wilson's perfume still enveloped him, but now it only made him feel a little sick. The narrow escape had ruffled his nerves, and he felt a sudden doubt as to his own arrangements.

He had been expecting the disturbance, but had had no intention of prowling. One thing that Hero wanted was not to interfere with the work of Meg's little black boxes.

But now he was upset and unsure and further shaken by the sound of running footsteps to the left of the corridor, in the direction of the rooms of the family and their guests; then a woman's sharp cry. If something *were* to happen to Susan. . . .

He scrapped his own plan, produced a torch and went gliding along the corridor. The first room he passed was Beth's. The door stood open. He flashed his light inside. There was no one in the rumpled bed—there was no one in the room.

Unease quickened his steps. On the same corridor was Sir Richard's room. That too was empty.

HE ran on swiftly, turning the corner, and then stopped with relief, for Susan's door was closed. Through it he whispered to her: "Susan—Susan, are you all right?"

There was no reply. Gently Hero tried the knob. To his horror it opened, where the bolt shot from within should have kept it firm. Sick and cold at the pit of his stomach he went inside.

His torch showed that the bed had been slept in, but Susan was not there now. He was half relieved to find the room empty.

He turned his torch to the place on the door where the bolt should have been, and his sense of relief was gone.

There was no bolt there now—only the empty holes where the screws that held it had been.

© *Paul Gallico, 1959*

NEXT WEEK: The nun who watched from the shadows

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

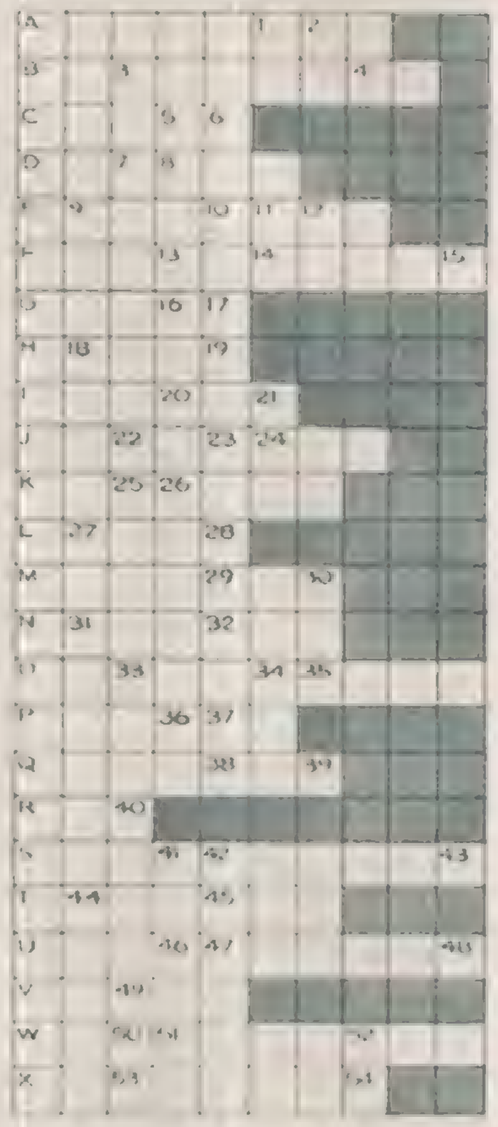
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

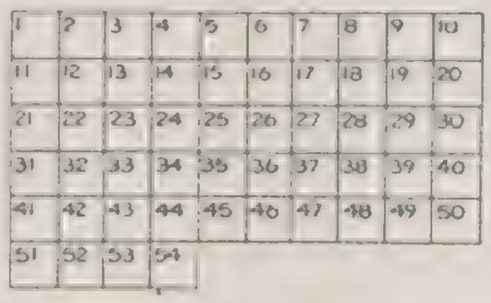
CLUE DOWN

A. Otherwise, Sophie Tucker (3, 4, 2, 3, 3-3, 6).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Bullfighter.
B. Surname of author of *Tanglewood Tales.*
C. County town of Morayshire, on R. Lossie.
D. Foam of water and soap.
E. Gaseous, or unreal.
F. Head over heels leap.
G. Limbless and headless trunk.
H. Card game played by three players with pack of 40.
I. Salted and cured side of a hog.
J. 3 sided plane figure.
K. One kept in enemy hands as a pledge.
L. Northern sea duck.
M. Undirected train of fancy in meditation.
N. Large building.
O. Stagnant pool.
P. Light, two-wheeled cab with driver's seat behind.
Q. A number noting position in a series.
R. Longest river in Scotland.
S. Pipestem, or spokesman.
T. Weighty.
U. Monegasque capital. (5, 5.)
V. Civilian dress worn off duty.
W. Member of sect who believe in re-baptism of adults.
X. Slow Spanish dance.





BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

I have a long bookshelf containing less than 50 volumes.

My young granddaughter, who has only just learned to count, began telling off the books in different ways. She found that if she counted them off in twos, or threes, or fours or sixes, she always had one book over. But when she told them off in fives or sevens, she had two books over.

She can't count beyond seven, so she asked me if I could tell her the number of books on the shelf.

Can you?

NOW TURN TO PAGE 8 FOR THE ANSWERS

Leopard in the night

continued from page 6

only to look at them to know that.

"And so," she ended, shrugging, putting down one hand to pat Finn on his lifted muzzle, "here we are."

And she looked at me again and I knew then that it was true: that she had come back because of that childhood, foolish quarrel. And I felt sick.

On the way home Barb chose to sit in the back with Finn, leaving Verschoyle in the front with me. We were half-way before I mentioned the leopard, choosing my words as carefully as I could. I felt him go tense.

"You're going to kill it, of course?" he said. "I've got young stock just across the river from the *kopje*. It's a pity you didn't this morning."

"I don't want it killed," I said.

Behind me I felt Barb sitting up.

"Still the Nature Boy?" she suggested silkily.

"Hell, man," said Verschoyle. "Buck, *impala, dik-dik,* all right, things we agree to differ on. I like to hunt. You don't. But leopard! You've got to kill a leopard."

"Why?" I said.

The car must have travelled a hundred yards before Verschoyle managed to answer me. He did it by switching off the ignition.

"Listen to me," said Verschoyle savagely. "I've had all I can take of you — preaching and whining and snivelling about the bloody game disappearing. I'm not going to argue with you, man. If you won't kill it, I will."

"It's on my land," I said.

He put his face very close to mine. It was like red, polished rock. His eyes were hot and hard with rage. He was genuinely bewildered. In his world animals existed only to be killed.

"It's on my land," I repeated. "And it won't cross the river to yours."

"I'll make damn sure it doesn't," he said. "Because I'm going to kill it on yours."

I felt Barb move behind me. And I knew without looking what her face was like—the chin tilted, eager, the green eyes blazing with triumph, the lips half-open. And I felt the same anger as on that day when I threw her down on the dead buck.

"You set foot on my land at your own risk," I said. "I'm a good shot when I want to be."

VERSCHOYLE and I looked at each other for a long moment, and I heard Barb let out her breath in a little sigh. Then I started the car. None of us spoke any more until we got to Verschoyle's farm. And then, except for a word of greeting to Mary Verschoyle, I said nothing. I just drove away.

I couldn't work for the rest of the day. I took Finn with me and tramped up the western slope of the farm, mile after mile into the desolate plateau that my father bought for a song years and years ago when he thought of making a game reserve.

Sometimes I stopped and watched the small herds of buck, *gemsbok* and *impala* moving far, far away on the horizon, drifting like dark frescoes against the bright enamel of the sky. But I didn't really see anything. I didn't feel anything except the hurt of Barb coming back like that.

I hadn't felt like this when she was away. Why should I feel so differently now?

I walked until the sweat ran into my eyes and my feet stumbled, and Finn loped behind me with his tongue hanging and his eyes astonished.

"All right, leave me," I said to him at last. "Go back to her. You belong to her, don't you?" And at that he sat down and cocked his big, heavy yellow head and looked at me as if he thought I was mad. Perhaps I was.

"Go," I shouted at him. "Go." Until at last, with a bewildered whine in the throat, he went, tail dropped, head low as if he was following a scent. He went slowly. Twice he stopped and looked back. I had only to call him. But I couldn't. And the third time he was gone.

It was only then that I remembered the leopard. A leopard will almost never attack a man, or a dog walking with a man, unless one of them plays the fool, or runs away. But a dog alone is leopard's meat. A leopard loves dog as a fox loves chicken.

But it was still daylight, and Finn didn't have to pass the rocks where the leopard lay. So I let him go.

It was dark when I got back to the farm. "Hercules," I shouted, and the house boy came pattering on bare feet. "Where is Finn?" I asked him.

"Not see him this long time, *nkosikaas*. Not with you?"

"Not with me," I said slowly. "Ask the other boys if they've seen him."

But, before he could move to obey, there was the sound of running feet outside, on the steps, on the wooden *stoep*, and then a swift, furious knocking on the frame door. It swung open off its latch, and Barb was there.

SHE couldn't speak for a moment. Hercules pushed a chair towards her but she waved him away. "Finn," she said at last. "Peter has him, tied up."

"What?" I couldn't understand.

"Finn," she said again, and I saw by her eyes that she had been crying. "Finn came across the river to me just before sundown, and we were sitting having a drink and I was playing with him. And then suddenly Peter said, 'I've got it. I've got it.' And he went and fetched a rope and before I could say anything he had Finn tied to the *stoep* rail. 'That'll fetch the leopard down,' he said. Oh, John, he's going to use Finn for a decoy. . . ."

She started to cry again, her body shaking. I held her shoulders.

"And you let him do this?" I said.

She looked at me with drowned, raging eyes. "I tried to stop him. I. . . ."

"And then?" I said, and somewhere deep inside me there was a kind of triumph being born. It grew and grew.

"Don't make me go on," she whispered. "Oh, John, oh, John . . ., are all men like that?"

"What did he do?" I asked.

"Held me off with one hand like a

kitten, and laughed in my face. He couldn't understand—what it meant to me to beg; or about Finn. Nothing. He's like a great bull. . . . And afterwards Mary said, 'Don't provoke him too much, child. He'll put up with it now, but when you're married. . . .' Oh God, oh God!"

Suddenly she was sobbing, and in my arms, her tears soaking through the cotton of my shirt, her hands gripping my shoulders until they hurt. And I knew that Hercules was outside the door, listening. By morning the story would be across the river, being whispered in Verschoyle's hearing.

But that couldn't be helped. All that counted now was Finn.

"I'll get a gun," I said. "Two can play at shooting."

BARB clung to me. "No," she said. "No. He'll kill you. It's dark, and it's his land, and he hates you, far worse than you know."

"Then why did you say you'd marry him?"

"Because. . . ." She twisted out of my arms. "Oh, what does it matter now? It's done. Finished. I wouldn't marry him if he came crawling to me. I hate him." Her whole face blazed with fury. "But I don't want you to kill him."

"Why not?" I said bitterly. "Wouldn't it please your pride?"

She crumbled at that, her face suddenly childish and unsure.

"Don't," she whispered. "Don't say such things. Only help me, and let me help you. We can get Finn away and that's all that matters now. Just bring a knife to cut the rope."

"Tell me on the way down," I said, taking a hunting knife from the wall.

Outside there was a young moon barely silvering the darkness. We walked in silence up the long rise to the ridge. And, as we came over it and started down towards the river, we could hear Finn howling—as the leopard would be hearing him.

We crossed the river and climbed the hill towards Verschoyle's house.

"I'll leave you here," Barb whispered. "I'll go in to Peter and distract his attention, get him to go into the living-room, and. . . ."

"And if he won't come?"

"He'll come," she said, and I never heard her voice so hard. "If you're outside the window, you'll hear us talking. And then you can free Finn."

I gave her two minutes' start. Finn had stopped howling now, and was whining, as if he sensed that we were coming. . . . Or as if he sensed that something else was coming. I stepped softly to the back of the house, keeping in the shadow. I had the knife in my hand and felt the edge of the eight-inch blade with my thumb. One slash should do it, and then four minutes' fast running to cross the river. It wasn't dignified, but dignity goes better by daylight.

I heard a mosquito door crash open in the room above my head, and a heavy tread that could only be Verschoyle's. Then his voice demanding angrily, "What the hell is all this about?"

"What I say," said Barb's voice.

I started to run; round the corner of the house; along the side; round to the wide, pillared *stoep*. And there was Finn, tied on ten feet of rope. He threw himself towards me.

As I tried to tauten the rope to slash it, he sprang and twisted, threatening to knock me down with love and gratitude. "Be quiet," I whispered. But he was past obedience, and, as I slashed the rope at last, he began to bark, the sharp, joyful barks of a dog who has recovered his friend. And I knew that Verschoyle would hear.

Four minutes to get clear, and Verschoyle had a gun. I didn't want to be shot in the back and have Verschoyle tell the coroner that he thought I was the leopard. But there wasn't anything else to do but run.

I heard the door slam again inside the house, and Verschoyle shouting. I

FAILURE—2

A failure is a man who has blundered, but is not able to cash in on the experience.

Elbert Hubbard

pushed the knife back into its sheath as I started for the trees. "Run, you fool," I said to Finn, who was dancing round me like a small bullock. I was running flat out myself as I heard the nailed boots on the wooden *stoep*.

And then I stopped, as if I'd hit a tree trunk. Because ten yards in front of me, very close to the ground, deep in the shadow of some bushes, I saw two green coals of fire. And the man who runs when a hunting leopard is ten yards away won't run very far.

Behind me, Verschoyle shouted, "Stop, or I'll fire," and the same second a shot crashed in the darkness. A warning? Or to kill? I shrank into a shadow of a tree, holding Finn by the loose skin on his neck.

The eyes had disappeared. Had the shot frightened the leopard away? I know that sometimes they would bolt at a handclap, while sometimes they would attack right into the muzzle of a gun.

I tried to listen. But all I could hear was Verschoyle crashing towards me through the bushes. *I'm going to get killed*, I thought, with a curious, detached clarity, as if it was someone else I was thinking of. *I shall either*

"You promised!"

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continued from previous page

be shot by Verschoyle or killed by the leopard.

"Where are you, Matterson?" Verschoyle was saying softly. "Where are you? I'll be right sorry when I find that instead of shooting a prowling leopard I've shot my dear, good neighbour. Right heart-broken! Are you scared to run, in case I hear you? Or even breathe? Perhaps you'd like to know what Barb has just told me?"

He was very close to me now, just on the far side of the tree.

"She told me that she didn't mean to marry me." Verschoyle's voice went on. "She said she was going to marry you. Isn't that interesting?" I could hear the rage grinding in his voice, like rocks in a flooded river, breaking through the elephantine sarcasm of his manner. Then he couldn't control it any longer. "You swine," he shouted. "You preaching, snivelling, lily-blooded swine—where are you? First you want all the bloody game in Africa . . . then you want my girl. Where are you?"

"Here," I said, and jumped, getting one hand on the barrel of his gun and one on the stock by the trigger guard.

But even with the shock of surprise it was like wrenching rock from rock. I tried to twist the barrel of the gun away from me. Instead, it slowly moved towards my face. And Verschoyle smiled at me above it.

"You're mad," I gasped. "What are you trying to do?" Out of the corner of my eye I saw Barb coming. "Stay clear," I shouted, fumbling for the trigger, all my strength holding the barrel away from my face as slowly, slowly, he forced it nearer. I found the trigger with my thumb, and pressed, and the shot scorched my cheek. "Do you want to hang for murder, you maniac?" I said.

In that second the world exploded. Finn sprang at Verschoyle's throat, knocking him backwards like a tree falling, sending the gun spinning into the darkness. And the leopard sprang at Finn. I felt the wind of it going by, the huge pads splayed with their dagger claws curving, the head sunk below the level of the massive shoulders. Finn screamed once like a child, and then there was only a twisting mass of snarling, ripping flesh. Teeth and claws. . . .

I didn't think. There wasn't time to think, or I'd never have done it. The knife slid into my hand of its own accord, and I dropped on the two bodies. All I could see was the huge hunch of the leopard's shoulders, the hind legs tucked under it, trying to rip the bowels out of Finn. I forced my arm round the leopard's throat, pressing my cheek down against the rough, harsh fur of its head, smelling the reek of its breath as it twisted towards its new enemy.

I slammed the knife into its side, just under the shoulder bone. The body arched and whipped. A claw caught my leg and gashed it from knee to ankle. I felt the fangs slashing close by my face. We fell backwards, the leopard on my chest, his claws tearing at the dark sky, trying to turn and kill me. I wrenched out the knife and stabbed him again and the body stiffened, the head jerking, as if the life was pumping out of the wide, snarling jaws. But still I daren't let go, my arm locked like iron round his throat, my knees gripping his flanks.

Above me I saw Barb, the gun in her hands, kneeling, trying to level it. "I think he's dead," I whispered.

And then the great, sleek body in my arms softened, fell sideways limply.

"Oh, my beloved," said Barb. "Oh, my beloved heart." And she was in my arms. For a long, long time we held one another.

"For five years I've dreamed of you," I said. "I fell in love with you when you were gone. Why didn't you know? Why didn't you come back?"

"I have come back," she said. "I have come back. It was only to see you. But I couldn't let you know. It had to be the way it was, so that you wouldn't hurt my pride. Oh, John, oh, my beloved, will you be good to me?"

All I could answer was to kiss her mouth, her eyes, the palms of her hands. And then I heard Verschoyle groaning, and remembered Finn.

We carried them both into the house. There was nothing much wrong with Verschoyle. The leopard had ripped his chest in its first spring, and he'd been stunned by his fall, but nothing more, although the next day he made it an excuse to leave for Lusaka to go into hospital.

He never came back. Three months later he sold the farm, and Barb's parents bought it at the auction, and gave it to her for a dowry when we married; which at long last made it possible to turn my own farm into the beginnings of a new reserve. . . .

But that night all those things were a long way in the future.

We made a stretcher out of a camp bed, and got two of Verschoyle's boys to carry Finn on it back to my own house. And all that night Barb and I were with him, dressing the terrible bite in his shoulder, and the wound in his groin where the leopard's claws had begun to rip. We sat one on either side of him, both our hands touching his big, blunt, stupid head; moistening his tongue, giving him penicillin.

Towards morning he slept, and we knew that he would live.

Every now and then, as the hours went by, Barb had looked at me, and I knew that something was struggling inside her, struggling with her pride. Now, with our hands touching over the dog's slow-breathing body, I saw it in her eyes. Saw what she would never say: that she was sorry; that she was offering me her pride for a bridal gift.

Her green eyes were not hard any more, but gentle. THE END

© *Brian Cleeve, 1960*

How dishonest is our TV?

continued from page 7

generally and how much there ought to be. And in considering this we have to bear in mind two important things.

The first is that, alone among artistic mediums of communication (I use the phrase loosely) television offers no clear dividing line between what is fact and what is fiction.

A person looking at a play or a picture knows that what he is seeing exists only in the mind of its creator. In other words, he knows that he is going to be deceived.

But the television viewer, poor chap, *never* knows; for fact and fiction are hopelessly intermingled.

A perfect example of this occurred a few months ago when Associated-Rediffusion put on a play called *Before the Sun Goes Down*. This started with a news announcer saying that "a terrifying space ship" was hovering over London, that the Prime Minister had called an "emergency Defence Council meeting," and that everyone should remain indoors.

'Outrageous hoax'

The effect was rather as one would have expected: the great majority of people realized they were looking at a play, but a small minority panicked, rushed out into the street shouting: "The war's started," and behaved as though the end of the world was at hand.

Next day *The Times* television critic called the item "an outrage," saying that "if ever there was a demonstration of the contempt with which certain television pundits regard their audience, this was it."

In fact, the boot was on the other foot: for it is fair to assume that if Associated-Rediffusion had thought that large numbers of people were going to behave as they did, they would never have allowed it. Was the item, therefore, legitimate? In my view, perfectly.

Similar examples in the same field are the April Fool's Day jokes, such as the Panorama item on the spaghetti harvest or the interview I did last year on *This Week*. I interviewed a man called Professor Duncan Grant-Hetherington, who claimed to be the first European to have seen the Abominable Snowman, and illustrated his story with pictures.

The professor was Peter Sellers and the pictures consisted of the snowman's footprint (made in the studio), some of its hair (coconut matting), a photograph of its face (an ape taken out of focus) and the gully where it was cornered (a stock picture of the Alps).

Was this hoax legitimate? Because people had had their legs pulled very gently and nobody took exception, I think it was.

What is rather less excusable is the indiscriminate mixing of fact and fiction in current affairs documentaries—a deception that is practised rather more often than most people imagine.

I remember once taking part in a half-hour programme on sleeping pills. The first part consisted of interviews with two distinguished doctors. This was followed by short statements from "a chemist," "a factory owner," "a business executive," and so on, all of whom were actors in disguise.

Not knowing this, the viewers must have credited them with an authority they did not possess. Although on this occasion I am certain that the script-writer did not make these characters say anything their real-life counterparts would not have said, an unscrupulous script-writer *might* have done; and for this reason the practice is deplorable.

The second consideration is that a great deal of the technical (as opposed to the content) side of television is disposed towards deception, anyway. Take the teleprompter. This device is a quite proper deception in itself, but it can be turned to improper advantage.

A famous occasion when this happened was at a big political rally televised in America a few years ago. The speaker on the rostrom was seen to be tearing up his speech and saying to his audience: "And so, fellow Americans, I am tearing up this prepared speech in order to speak to you from the heart."

Poor man, he did not know there was a camera behind as well as in front of him; and ten million viewers were able to read on the teleprompter: "AND SO, FELLOW AMERICANS. . . ."

FAILURE—3

A man's life is interesting primarily when he has failed. For it's a sign that he tried to surpass himself.

Georges Clemenceau

Or take filmed interviews. The general public does not know that by their nature these are nearly always faked. The reason is that, except on rare occasions, television companies cannot afford to send more than one camera to cover one interview. So the picture and sound of the interviewer asking his questions is not filmed at the time of the interview but immediately after it. The interviewer speaks his question a second time into thin air, and the temptation to improve on clumsy wording and hesitant delivery is almost irresistible.

Television breeds other minor deceptions. Rehearsals of talks and interviews, for instance.

A good example of this was the Prime Minister's last broadcast during the general election. Mr. Macmillan is never at his best when talking direct to camera, and so he did several "dummy" transmissions to iron out his faults.

Finally a "take" was made which was to everybody's satisfaction, and this was put out as though it were "live."

Thousands of people commented on how impressive Mr. Macmillan was, and indeed his performance may well have influenced many "don't knows."

Was this legitimate? I think so, though the fact that the talk had been filmed should have been revealed.

We are faced, therefore, with two sorts of deception: technical deception which is inherent in the medium, and deception in subject matter. The first is unavoidable but harmless. Yet because the first exists, because viewers are suspicious, it is doubly important to safeguard the second.

If I were asked to suggest one general rule to cover all aspects of deception in subject matter, it would be this: "It is the responsibility of every programme company to make clear at the outset which of their programmes are fact and which are fiction; and no single programme is ever to contain a mixture of the two."

In other words, integrity, like justice, must not only be practised but be seen to be practised. Unless the authorities are prepared to take a drastic step in this direction soon, we can add to the old truism, "You can never believe what you read in the papers," a new but equally depressing one: "You can never believe what you see on TV."

And there is not very much time to lose.

THE END

In the money

continued from page 11

the manager of Darlington, a fourth division team which beat Norwich City and Chelsea in the cup two years ago, even regular cup success is not the final antidote to financial failure.

"Football fans have short memories," says Duckworth. "They flock to a big cup game for sheer novelty and then jump off the bandwagon as soon as it's all over."

Like most managers of small clubs, he believes that the system whereby the big sides are excused two qualifying rounds is unfair. "They should go into the hat from the start like everyone else," he says.

The fervour and spirit of small clubs in the cup are respected by first division sides. Partly, they are generated by the atmosphere in the club's home town, which can be transformed by cup fever into that of festival time.

"Mutual pride and the feeling that everyone is living in great days removes subconscious social and class barriers, as in the early days of a war," explains a psychologist.

During Norwich City's cup successes last year, thousands of people danced together in the streets. A theme song, with the battle cry: "On the ball, city," was given a continuous performance over the loudspeakers.

Game came first

On the night Norwich beat Sheffield United, cinemas and dance halls in the city were empty. Fan-worship embraced all classes. The National Archaeological Society put off a meeting until another evening and the Norwich Grocers' Association announced that its annual dance would start at ten o'clock instead of eight. The advice "dinner-jackets will be worn" on the tickets was altered for the benefit of football fans to "dress optional."

Tempers were raised, too. Enraged local fans threw into the river near the ground two London "touts" who were asking outrageous prices for tickets.

The golden cup trail can also boost business. In 1957, when Bournemouth beat Wolverhampton Wanderers and Tottenham Hotspur before losing narrowly to Manchester United, people crowded into the exclusive Hampshire seaside resort from all over the south. For the club's home game with Manchester United, two-shilling tickets exchanged hands for £5.

One hundred and forty thousand people saw Bournemouth's four cup games. Because of their red and white jerseys the team is nick-named "The Cherries" and baskets of the fruit were sent daily by fans to players and officials. Bread was delivered wrapped in red and white paper by a local bakery and most shops in the town set out special "cup" window displays.

One club, Bristol Rovers, was profoundly changed by cup success. John Gummow, the secretary, recalls that, when he joined the club in 1946, "gates" of only ten thousand people were common. In the 1950-51 season, the third division team played eleven cup matches, including five replays which took them into the quarter-finals against the cup holders, Newcastle United.

When the Rovers drew at St. James's Park, Newcastle, before 65,000 fans, the west country seaport went cup crazy. One hundred and thirty thousand people queued for two miles round the ground for the 34,000 replay tickets. Newcastle won and went on to regain the cup.

The Bristol club made £9,000 out of the cup and invested the money in its future. The pitch, which had been inundated yearly by floodwater from the adjoining River Frome, was built up twenty inches. Nearly a square mile of land was added and pumping stations were installed at either end of the ground.

Two seasons later the club won promotion to the second division and had further cup successes, beating Manchester United, Preston and Burnley. Since then it has been able to spend £130,000 in floodlights, a new stand and covering for the terraces.

Last season more than 2,500,000 people watched cup matches and paid upwards of £350,000. Billy Walker, the manager of Nottingham Forest, the cup holders, believes that even more people would go to cup matches if they were put forward to the spring.

Glitter in gloom

Other managers do not agree. They point out that the cup has the gloomy depths of winter to itself and fills otherwise dull months with a sporting glitter.

And the odd playing conditions add to the uncertainties and excitement of the cup.

On one of the worst Saturdays of the winter at this time last year Nottingham Forest were two goals down in a third-round cup match against the amateurs Tooting and Mitcham. The game was played on a frozen pitch like corrugated iron and it seemed all Lombard Street to a china orange that the lowly amateurs would humble the mighty Forest. Then a disputed penalty decision enabled Forest to equalize—and they won the replay and went on to win the cup.

THE END

Thrill-packed adventure in tropical Africa...

CROCODILE TRADER

by BILL SUTHERLAND

River flood, bush fire, rogue hippopotamus. . . . Nothing would stop Bill Sutherland in his daring quest for crocodiles, the monsters of the mighty Zambesi. His story—as told to Rory Macaulay—begins **NEXT WEEK**

Triumph in the west

continued from page 15

at Athens and Cairo, did not reach England until the nineteenth. Then on February 23, before dawn, Simpson's Ninth Army on Montgomery's southern flank was able to launch its long-delayed attack. During the weekend, advancing with great dash and negligible casualties, it broke clean through the Siegfried Line.

"I ordered that advance be pressed relentlessly," Montgomery informed Brooke, "and that every legitimate risk be taken to get forward."

The next few days were almost as dramatic as those that followed the American break-through in Normandy.

"I visited the Ninth Army," Montgomery wrote on the twenty-eighth, "and saw the corps commanders and many of the divisional generals. They were all in very great spirits and report that the troops are in tremendous form. The army has gained a great victory with a few casualties and this has raised morale to a high level."

While the victory was still being exploited, the C.I.G.S. accompanied the Prime Minister on a visit to the front. He took with him his new A.D.C., Brigadier "Rollie" Charrington, an old friend.

"March 2. We left War Office, Rollie and I, at 9.45 a.m. for Northolt, where we were to leave with the P.M. for France at 10.30 a.m. He was as usual late and it was just after 11 a.m. when we left. We were met on the aerodrome by 'Maori' Coningham [Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham] and Mary Churchill. Coningham took us off to his H.Q. in Brussels.

"After lunch we flew on to Eindhoven aerodrome in two Dakotas. There Monty met us and drove us to his H.Q. After that we went to the station and found Eisenhower's train, which he had sent for us to live in. We changed and then went round to dine with Monty.

"March 3. At 9.15, P.M. and I started off with Monty in his two Rolls cars. We motored straight to Maastricht. There we went to the Ninth Army H.Q. and met Simpson, the U.S. commander. He introduced us to his staff. We drove on towards Aachen, but stopped on the Siegfried Line on the way to examine the dragon's-teeth defence against tanks and to look at some of the pill-boxes which had been blown up by the Americans.

"The day's fighting had been most successful and we ought to be able to close up to the Rhine on its full length to Cologne within the next few days.

"March 4. We drove to Goch, which we went through to reach an eight-inch gun which the P.M. was to fire. Surrounded by press photographers, he pulled the lanyard and let her off.

A limited brain

"March 5. Shortly after midnight our train started off and at 10 a.m. we arrived at Rheims.

"March 6. Back to London. Breakfast with Ike and another long talk with him. There is no doubt that he is a most attractive personality and, at the same time, a very, very limited brain from a strategic point of view. This comes out the whole time in all conversations with him. His relations with Monty are quite insoluble; he only sees the worst side of Monty and cannot appreciate the better side."

Brooke's familiar London routine now began again. It was just three years since he had taken over the chairmanship of the Chiefs of Staff Committee in the dark days of Singapore.

"March 7. Herbert Morrison [responsible, as Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, for Civil Defence and the safety of the civilian population] attended the C.O.S. meeting to discuss what could be done to save London from rockets and buzz-bombs.

"March 12. 12.3.45! It is sad that this date will not return for another hundred years. It looks so nice!

"A rushed morning with C.O.S. meeting and Cabinet, the latter luckily run by Attlee, which shortened matters considerably. Long letter from Monty with all his plans for the attack across the Rhine on the twenty-fourth of this month. Also an invitation to the P.M. to come for it and stop with him.

"March 14. We again discussed the underground movements towards capitulation of German forces in Italy. Somehow the whole business looks pretty fishy and not very promising."

Only nine days now remained before the operation that was to break open the line of the Rhine from the north, encircle the Ruhr and loose the British and American armour on the plains of North Germany.

The Rhine at Wesel—"the greatest water obstacle in Western Europe"—was five hundred yards wide, and a million men had been assembled to cross it. Facing them was the flower of what remained of Hitler's Western Army after its tremendous losses in trying to hold the Rhineland and the transfer of most of its armour to the Eastern Front. That he should be present was the Prime Minister's intense desire and he did not mean to be thwarted.

Churchill insists

Brooke, none the less, had doubts. "Tomorrow," he wrote in his diary, "I start off with P.M. on this visit to see the Rhine crossing. I am not happy about this trip; he will be difficult to manage and has no business to be going. All he will do is to endanger his life unnecessarily. However, nothing on earth will stop him!

"March 23. We had our usual C.O.S. meeting after which I finished off some papers in the War Office.

"After lunch I drove with Winston to Northolt. We left in a Dakota about 3 p.m. We had a very good two hours' flight over Calais, Lille and Brussels. On arrival here we reduced the party to four (P.M., his A.D.C., Tommy, his valet, Sawyers, and self) and drove on to Monty's H.Q., which is close to the aerodrome.

"We found Monty there, very proud to be able to pitch his camp in Germany at last.

"After dinner Monty went off to bed early and Winston took me off. First of all, we walked up and down in the moonlight; it was a glorious night and we discussed the situation we were in at the momentous moment of crossing the Rhine. We went back over some of our early struggles, back to Cairo when we started Alex and Monty off. How he had had to trust my selection at that time, the part that the hand of God had taken at the critical moment, etc. He was in one of his very nicest moods and showed appreciation for what I had done for him in a way in which he had never done before.

"March 24. At breakfast Monty told me that from all reports he had received the forcing of the Rhine was going well. At 8.45 the P.M. and I started off together with Monty's A.D.C. We had three-quarters of an hour's drive to a viewpoint about 2,000 yards south of Xanten.

"We were in the middle of the battery positions supporting that portion of the front and there was a continual roar of guns as they were busy engaging German A.A. guns in anticipation of the arrival of the airborne divisions. They arrived punctually to time and it was a wonderful sight. The whole sky was filled with large flights of transport aircraft. They flew straight over us and over the Rhine. Unfortunately they disappeared into the haze before dropping their loads of parachutists.

"We remained at this viewpoint for about two hours and then embarked in two armoured cars, one each.

"Winston became a little troublesome and wanted to go messing about on the Rhine crossings and we had some difficulty in keeping him back. However, in the end he behaved well and we came back in our armoured cars to where we had left our own car and from there on back to the H.Q. P.M. went off for a sleep, which he wanted badly; he had been sleeping in the car nearly all the way home, gradually sliding on to my knee.

"March 25. Palm Sunday. Venlo. After church we motored off to Rheinberg, where Anderson, commanding the 16th American Corps, had his H.Q. We were met there by Eisenhower, Bradley and Simpson."

Alanbrooke's diary entry for March 25 continues:

"After lunch we got into a tank-landing craft which was plying across the Rhine and crossed over. It was a great thrill setting foot on the far bank. We then re-crossed the river.

"We got back into the car and motored to the main road bridge over the Rhine at Wesel.

"About two hundred yards lower down, the bridging parties were getting ready to start a new bridge. They had apparently been seen by the Germans as shells began to fall some three hundred yards down stream. Reports then came in that the Germans were shelling the road behind us; at the same time shells began to fall about a hundred yards upstream of us.

"We decided it was time to remove the P.M., who was thrilled with the situation and very reluctant to leave! However, he came away more obediently than I had expected.

Ike's telegram

"March 29. A very long C.O.S. meeting with a series of annoying telegrams. The worst of all was one from Eisenhower direct to Stalin trying to co-ordinate his offensive with the Russians. To start with, he has no business to address Stalin direct, his communications should be through the Combined Chiefs of Staff; secondly, he produced a telegram which was unintelligible; and finally what was implied in it appeared to be entirely adrift and a change in all that had been previously agreed on. . . ."

For the British, Eisenhower's telegram was one more disappointment and source of disillusion. Having gone to war in defence of Poland and the liberties of Europe at a time when Russia was in league with the aggressor and America concerned only with her own neutrality, they were now, with six years of struggle crowned by victory, forced to witness at the dictate of one of the principal allies the needless subjection of the whole of Eastern Europe to the totalitarian tyranny of the other. On March 28, four days after Montgomery had crossed the Rhine and while strong German forces still barred the Russians' road to Berlin and Vienna, the Western Allies were confronted only by spasmodic resistance from a defeated army.

"My intention," Montgomery had telegraphed the C.I.G.S., "is to drive hard for the line of the Elbe. . . . The situation looks good and events should begin to move rapidly in a few days . . . my tactical H.Q. moves will be Wesel-Münster-Herford-Hanover—thence via the *autobahn* to Berlin, I hope."

Yet on that very day, without reference to the Combined Chiefs of Staff or a word to the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces which still constituted nearly a third of his army, Eisenhower despatched a telegram to Stalin informing him that he proposed, after encircling the Ruhr, to concentrate in Central Germany for an advance, on an Erfurt-Leipzig axis, towards the Upper Elbe, there to await the Russians.

By April 3 a stream of telegrams had arrived from Montgomery who, at the very moment that he was setting his victorious columns towards the Elbe crossings and Berlin, found that his chief at Shaef was about to take the American part of his force from him and direct the Allied advance, not on the German capital but in the direction of Leipzig, a hundred miles to the south.

On April 11, the day the armoured vanguard of the American Ninth Army reached the Elbe at Magdeburg and secured a bridgehead over the river, Roosevelt died at Warm Springs. His last message to Churchill, sent that morning, contained the words—the very epitome of the hopes he had nursed for a united world—"I would minimize the general Soviet problem as much as possible." On April 16 the Russians resumed their attack on the eastern defences of Germany.

On the twentieth Brooke noted: "The Russians are now moving properly and it should not be long before we join up with them on the Berlin-Dresden front. I feel that we still have several more weeks in front of us before we finish off the war.

"May 2. Last night on the midnight news Hitler was reported as dead. After longing for this news for the last six years and wondering whether I should

MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

"There—I think you'll find it won't stick now . . ."

ever be privileged to hear it, when I finally listened to it I remained completely unmoved. Why, I do not know. I fully realized that it was the real full-stop to the many and long chapters of the war, but I think that I have become so war-weary with continual strain that my brain is numbed and incapable of feeling.

"May 4. A memorable day insofar as it will probably be one of the last of the second war with Germany. Monty met Keitel this morning who surrendered unconditionally Holland, all North Germany, Schleswig-Holstein, Denmark, Frisian Islands and Heligoland. Keitel then went on to Ike's H.Q. to discuss the surrender of Norway. I had just got back to the flat when we were sent for for a C.O.S. meeting with the P.M. at 10 Downing Street.

"We found him on the telephone busy telling the King about his conversation with Ike and Monty. He then told us all about it, and he was evidently seriously affected by the fact that the war was to all intents and purposes over as far as Germany was concerned. He thanked us all very nicely and with tears in his eyes for all we had done in the war and all the work we had put in 'from El Alamein to where we are now.' He then shook hands with all of us.

"May 8. V.E. Day. A day disorganized by victory. A form of dis organization that I can put up with.

"At 4.10 p.m. left War Office for Buckingham Palace where I was due at 4.30 p.m. A meeting of War Cabinet and Chiefs of Staff with the King. I crossed Whitehall with difficulty, through Horse Guards, battled my way down The Mall and came into an impenetrable crowd outside the Palace. However, with much honking and patience we gradually got through and arrived in good time.

"P.M. was very late and insisted in coming in an open car!

"At last P.M., Bevin, Woolton, Lyttelton, Morrison, Sinclair and Anderson were gathered, in addition Cunningham, Portal, Ismay, and Bridges. The King made a very nice little speech of congratulation. We were then photographed, first of all together, and then only the King, P.M., and Chiefs of Staff.

FAILURE—4

Success makes people, for the most part, humble, tolerant and kind. Failure makes people bitter and cruel.

Somerset Maugham

Cheers . . . then work

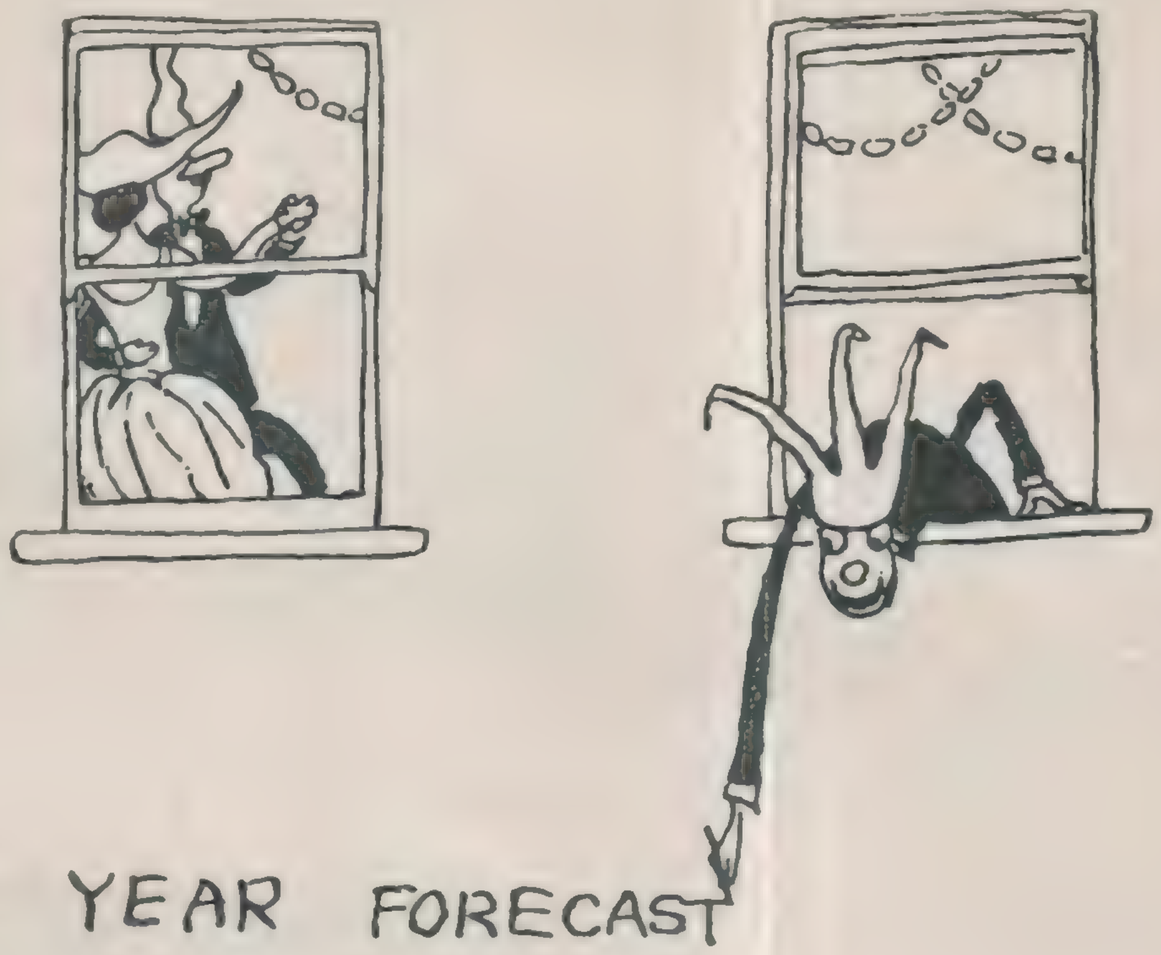
"We then left for the Home Office where a balcony had been prepared on which the P.M., Cabinet and Chiefs of Staff were to come to see the crowd in Whitehall and to be cheered by them. A vast crowd stretching from the War Office to Parliament Square. Then back to War Office to finish off work.

"I had to go and see P.J., and, on coming out, Lady Grigg collared me and brought me out into the passage. She said: 'I watched you getting into your car this morning from the window with a crowd looking at you and none of them realizing that beside them was the man who had probably done most to win the war against Germany. It is all wrong that they should not realize it. I do, and lots of people do; tell Lady Brooke from me.'

"There is no doubt that the public has never understood what the Chiefs of Staff have been doing in the running of this war. On the whole the P.M. has never enlightened them much. It may be inevitable, but I do feel that it is time the country was educated as to how wars are run and strategy controlled.

"It has been a wonderful experience, of never-ending interest. At times the work and the difficulties to be faced have been almost beyond the powers of endurance and I have felt that I

continued overleaf



AN EXTRA

5 MILLION

GUINNESS WILL

BE ENJOYED

IN 1960

A Happy New Year

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GE 3227L

continued from previous page

could not face a single other day. And yet I would not have missed the last three and a half years of struggle and endeavour for anything on earth."

With Germany's defeat Brooke's work as a chief designer of the Western Allies' strategy was done. The war in the Far East, though it had brought America into the fight and so ensured ultimate victory, had been for Britain only a consequential, though agonizing, incident in the long German war, and, with the elimination of Italy and Germany, Japan was now isolated and doomed. The only question was how long she could survive.

American indecision

"May 24. A long C.O.S. meeting with the Joint Planners in. We were discussing future operations in the Pacific after the capture of Singapore. We want, if possible, to participate with all three services in the attacks against Japan. It is, however, not easy to make plans as the Americans seem unable to decide between a policy of invasion as opposed to one of encirclement."

On June 28 Brooke noted in his diary:

"Whilst I was with Winston and we were discussing the necessary changes in senior army officers I told him that I considered I should go at the end of the year. He said that if, as a result of the election, he got in again he would not hear of my going and that I was quite young (!) and was required to carry out the reorganization of the army."

About this time a friend passed on to Brooke a rumour that his name was being considered for the Governor-Generalship of Canada. Though he could not believe it—and in view of the part he had had to play in the reorganization of the Canadian forces it would have been out of the question—he could not repress a wild hope that it might be true.

In July Brooke set out on his travels again—for the seventeenth time in three years. This time it was to Germany. Having failed to persuade the Americans to join in halting the Red tide, the Prime Minister, with some difficulty, had induced Stalin and President Truman to meet him in Berlin for a last Inter-Allied Conference—"Terminal"—in the hope of either salvaging by international settlement what was left of European independence or of proving to the Americans that the Russians were not to be trusted.

Here, in a lakeside villa at Babbelsburg and in the royal palace at Potsdam, Brooke spent from July 15 to July 25, living two doors away from the Prime Minister and next to Mr. Attlee, who, though no longer Deputy Prime Minister, attended the conference at Churchill's invitation as his adviser and possible successor.

The King's choice

"July 16. Potsdam. Started the day with a C.O.S. meeting, at which we discussed our agenda for this afternoon's meeting with the Americans. At breakfast I was told that the P.M. had sent for me last night after I had gone to bed. In the morning he sent for me again before our C.O.S. meeting. This was to tell me that he had heard from Lascelles that the King wanted Alex to replace Athlone as Governor-General of Canada. I agree that Alex is ideally suited for it and told the P.M. so. Consequently it is pretty well settled that he goes there, and I remain with a few heartburns which I think Kipling's *If* has taught me by now to overcome.

"July 23. At 1.30 p.m. we went round to lunch with the P.M. He had seen the American reports of results of the new 'Tube Alloys' secret explosive which had just been carried out in the States. He had absorbed all the minor American exaggerations and, as a result, was completely carried away.

"It was now no longer necessary for the Russians to come into the Japanese war; the new explosive alone was sufficient to settle the matter. Furthermore, we now had something in our hands which would redress the balance with the Russians. The secret of this explosive and the power to use it would completely alter the diplomatic equilibrium which was adrift since the defeat of Germany. Now we had a new value which redressed our position (pushing out his chin and scowling): now we could say: 'If you insist on doing this or that, well, we can just blot out Moscow, then Stalingrad, then Kiev, then Kuibyshev,' etc. And now where are the Russians!"

"Triumph In The West," by Arthur Bryant, is published as a book by Collins at 30s.

"We must give a party. We can't waste that case of Scotch your uncle gave you"

Ghastly mistake

Brooke returned from Potsdam on July 24. Next day, when the results of the General Election became known, the world in which he had lived and worked for the past five years came to a sudden end. Ever since his return from France in 1940 it had been dominated by one gigantic figure.

"July 26. The Conservative Government has experienced a complete landslide and is out for good and all! It is probably all for the good of England in the long run; any government in power during the next few years is not likely to last long. But what a ghastly mistake to start elections at this period of the world's history! May God forgive England for it.

"July 27. A day of partings! I had a long interview with the Secretary of State. It was a sad one and I hate to see him go. We have worked wonderfully together and I have grown to know him well and to appreciate his high qualities. I am very sad at our parting.

"Then at 6.30 p.m. had to go and see Winston at 10 Downing Street with the other Chiefs of Staff. It was a very sad and very moving little meeting at which I found myself unable to say much for fear of breaking down."

For, when it came to the point, Brooke, who for the past eighteen months had found his daily attendance on Churchill almost intolerable, was overwhelmed with the sense of loss. Only a short while before he had written: "I feel that I can't stick another moment with him and would give almost anything never to see him again." Now, in retrospect, he felt ashamed of the pent-up feelings he had given vent to so often in his diary—"feelings," he wrote, "engendered through friction generated from the prolonged contacts of two very tired individuals. Winston had been a very sick man with repeated attacks of pneumonia and frequent bouts of temperature; this physical condition, together with his mental fatigue, accounted for many of the difficulties I had with him, a fact for which I failed to make adequate allowance."

Little more than a week later, on the first Monday in August, Brooke and his colleagues attended their first Cabinet meeting under the new régime. The C.I.G.S. has written:

"I remember being very impressed by the efficiency with which Attlee ran his Cabinet. There was not the same touch of genius as with Winston, but there were more business-like methods. We kept to the agenda and he maintained complete order with a somewhat difficult crowd. Our work was quickly and efficiently completed."

On August 9 the second atomic bomb fell on Nagasaki.

"August 15. The end of the war for certain! Six very, very long years of continuous struggle, nerve-racking anxieties, dashed hopes, bleak horizons, endless difficulties, all finished with! One thing above all others predominates all other thoughts, namely boundless gratitude to God and to His guiding hand which has brought us where we are.

"August 19. At 1 p.m. motored to Buckingham Palace. Cunningham, Portal and I took our seats in a landau pulled by four bays in the King's procession to St. Paul's. It was an interesting experience to go through and to look at the crowd instead of being one of them! Subsequently drove back in the procession, which consisted of three landaus, one for the King and Queen, one for Lascelles and ladies-in-waiting, one for us.

"On arrival at the Palace the King and Queen sent for us and were, as usual, kindness itself."

With the Japanese war over, there seemed little left to prevent Brooke's early release. But a fortnight later the new Secretary for War, the Rt. Hon. J. J. Lawson, sent for him and asked him to remain another year.

"He told me that Attlee had again tackled him about it and insisted that I should stop on to see them through their troubles, and, if necessary, that I should be given a good leave. It is all very difficult. Lawson was pathetically insistent on my stopping on and made me feel that I should be letting him down if I did not. I rather weakly said I should do my best to help him out and then came back to my office and repented it bitterly, as I feel I am cooked and played out."

For Brooke found it hard to resist Lawson—an ex-coalminer whose experience of and capacity for military administration was negligible compared with Grigg's, but whose charm, deep religious conviction and fine character compelled his admiration.

The Prime Minister reinforced Lawson's request and, though the C.I.G.S. expressed his wish to be released at the earliest possible moment, it was agreed that he should stay on till the following year. On New Year's Day, 1946, Alanbrooke was made a Viscount.

Though the ceaseless anxiety of the war years was over and no longer reflected in his diary, Alanbrooke had worries of his own. With more obligations to meet than his future pay as an unemployed field-marshal would cover, he was trying to sell his home and to find some employment for the future.

He confided his troubles to his niece, saying that he was looking for "some means of making money.... I am broke and forced to sell my bird books." For, having as yet been unable to sell his house—a problem aggravated by a fire which destroyed the stables—and having no money to buy a smaller one, he was now forced to dispose of his most prized possession.

"April 11. After lunch with a very heavy heart went to Francis Edwards, the bookseller, to discuss the sale of my Gould collection. It looks as though I should make a profit on it, but it is a frightful wrench."

His greatest honour

He had compensations of another kind. Before he retired Brooke received the greatest honour of his career.

"Received a letter from Lascelles," he wrote on April 10, "stating that the King wished to confer the Order of Merit on me in his Birthday Honours List."

"My remarks in my diary," he commented afterwards, "are surprisingly laconic and certainly fail to give any idea of the intense satisfaction I felt. Of all the orders and decorations that I received none of them have ever seemed in the same category. I felt intense gratitude that my services should have been recognized in such a manner.

"June 25. My last day as C.I.G.S.! My four and a half years to a day will have been completed, plus an additional month which I did for Dill while he was still officially in the chair. There have been moments when I wondered whether I should last the course—times of intense fatigue when work had become an unbearable burden, when responsibility weighed heavier than ever and when it became more and more difficult to make decisions. My feelings were so mixed that I found it hard to disentangle them. But above everything the longing for rest predominated over all other feelings. The last day was necessarily a trying one.

"Thus ended my active military career."

After that Alanbrooke drove down to Norfolk where he had arranged to stay with his friend and fellow ornithologist, Sir Archibald Jamieson, at Thornham.

He spent what he described as "two lovely days, one on Scolthead Island and one on Hickling Marshes," making a film of a roseate tern which had just hatched off her family; "my two days in Norfolk," he wrote, "softened the break."

And with that his diary ended.

THE END

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© *Extracts from The Diaries and Autobiographical Notes*

Answers to Everybody's Puzzling
See page 22

QUIZZLE

Quotation: Down in the forest something stirred,
It was only the note of a bird. (Harold Simpson)

Clue Down: The last of the red-hot mommas.

Clues Across: (A) Toreador; (B) Hawthorne; (C) Elgin; (D) Lather; (E) Aeriform; (F) Somersault; (G) Torso; (H) Ombre; (I) Flitch; (J) Triangle; (K) Hostage; (L) Eider; (M) Reverie; (N) Edifice; (O) Ditchwater; (P) Hansom; (Q) Ordinal; (R) Tay; (S) Mouthpiece; (T) Onerous; (U) Monte Carlo; (V) Mufti; (W) Anabaptist; (X) Saraband.

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

Obviously if I had one book less than I've got, the number would be exactly divisible by 2, 3, 4 or 6. The smallest number so divisible is 12; therefore the total number of books consists of a certain number of dozens plus 1. There are less than 50 books, so the number can only be 13, 25, 37 or 49. Now taking the fact that the total number of books is divisible by 5 and 7, with 2 books left over, the only choice fulfilling these conditions is 37.

Murder will out

continued from page 13

I do, considering that I lived there ten years."

"Tried to buy it back when Mrs. Craik died, didn't you?"

"But you beat me to it, George. . . . Why are we going over all this, by the way? Do you want to sell now?"

George Mudey went to the window.

"Who was he?" he said over his shoulder. "And why did you do it, William?"

The mayor slowly turned his head. "You'd better tell me what's on your mind," he said.

"It's the well . . . not so much a well as a cistern, William. Six or seven feet deep, that's all. I never knew there was a well there till last week. Smart of you to put a shed on top, William."

"I don't seem to remember a well," the mayor said.

"You never were a good liar, William. Mrs. Craik didn't put him down."

"You're going back a long time, George."

George Mudey smiled and shrugged his thin shoulders. "Police records go back a long time, too, William," he said. "I dare say there'll be somebody on the missing list about then."

"What are you going to do about it, George?"

"To a public-spirited man," he said, "and a man with loyalties, too, these things are a bit of a problem, William."

"They must be," the mayor said.

"It's obvious to me, William, that back in those days there were chapters in your life that—well, that you'd rather forget now you're mayor and the father of two children and the husband of a wife well known for her good works in the town. Seems to me you had an enemy then. And killed him."

"I asked what you're going to do about it, George."

"That's what I'm trying to work out, William. What I *ought* to do."

"You mean you ought to go to the police with this story?"

"Well, what else? But you're an old friend. You're. . . ."

The mayor shook his head. "George, spare me this!" he said. "For some reason, you've hated me for fifty years. For heaven's sake, don't let us have any hypocrisy about it."

George Mudey blustered a bit. "You're being very unjust to me, William. It's your career I'm thinking about. And the family. Sheila, married to Dr. Forbes. Ralph's getting married pretty soon, too, isn't he?"

"A week on Saturday."

"I'll have to make a note of that. . . . No, William, I'm not suggesting anything, not threatening anything. It's up to you to make suggestions."

"Do you mean you'd like *me* to go to the police? Or would you rather have a signed confession?"

GEORGE MUDEY shook his head. "I'm suggesting nothing. Think it over, William. Drop in and see me tomorrow night. About eight? Or if you'd like to make some financial settlement. . . ."

"George," said the mayor very earnestly, "you're holding a very strong hand, but don't overplay it."

"William, you're not in any position to warn me."

"Blackmail's an ugly thing, George."

"So ugly I wouldn't touch it. . . . The thing is, William, I was thinking of leaving Folds Cottage and building a little bungalow at the seaside. If I'm going to stay on there, taking care of the skeleton, it means a big sacrifice. That's all I'm saying."

"I'll come down tomorrow night," the mayor said. "About eight."

When George Mudey had gone, Crowther sat thinking and remembering. Thirty years is a long time.

A good many times during those years he'd thought that one day he would have to deal with George Mudey. But Crowther was a man who believed that events work out for the best if you don't hurry them.

Now he didn't feel so sure.

George Mudey could go to the police. . . . He should have done that himself, years ago. His story would have been credible then.

He left the town hall and drove home.

Sheila and her husband were just leaving; he had a word with them before going in to see Ralph.

Ralph's girl, an accountant's daughter, was staying for supper, and Crowther waited till she went into the kitchen with his wife. "Before Susan comes back," he said to Ralph quietly, "I want a word with you. Anything on tomorrow night?"

"What's wrong?" Ralph asked.

"I'm being blackmailed."

"You're joking!" Ralph glanced hastily at the door.

"It's Mudey . . . don't get excited! I'm going to deal with him and I want you to be there. All right?"

"I'll be there. But what's he blackmailing you for?"

"Murder," said William Crowther grimly. He watched the colour ebb from Ralph's face.

The next evening they drove across the town to Church Lane. George Mudey opened the door, staring suspiciously at Crowther's son.

They went in, while all the time Mudey's eyes darted from one to the other. "You're not trying any monkey-business, William?"

"Not with you, George. Just as you said, I've thought all round the problem and I've decided what to do. First of all, George, there's no financial settlement. I'll go to the police with you. But before that I'm going to tell you exactly how it happened."

"That suits me," George said warily. "You'd rather have the money?"

"I want to see justice done."

"I believe you, George. . . . Strange to think that you're a family man, too, with a married son in London. You've lived here alone so long."

"My wife died twenty years ago."

Crowther nodded. "I was thinking about Gwen as I came up the path. You see that skeleton is Clem Hollis."

MUDEY turned so sharply that he knocked over a chair. Crowther gave his son a warning glance. He had told Ralph to keep silent.

"Clem?" repeated George.

"It seems a long time," Crowther said, "since I pleaded with Gwen not to marry you. But she did. And she paid for it, didn't she?"

"What's Gwen to do with all this?"

"Everything, George." Crowther paused and then went on deliberately: "You've always been warped by an awareness of your own mean spirit. For years I watched you destroy her. All that time I was in love with her."

He broke off, shaking his head. "When you finally drove her over the brink, she didn't come back to me. No, she turned to Clem Hollis."

George Mudey sat down.

"I didn't know about that, George," Crowther continued, "till Clem himself told me. Remember Clem? The way he'd stalk a woman till he got what he wanted? He enjoyed telling me the way he'd picked her up from you. How easy it had been. I managed to keep my hands off him. How, God knows!"

"You didn't keep your hands off him!" George croaked.

"Oh no! You're wrong there, George. Next day, or the day after that, I saw Gwen walking towards the station. She was carrying a bag. I stopped the car and made her get in. She was half-crazy with misery. She told me she was leaving, going anywhere."

Crowther knocked out his pipe.

"I asked her why she'd let Clem maul her," he said. "She said she'd got to the point when anybody who'd give her affection and spend some money on her was preferable to life with a devil like her husband.

"I'd stopped the car and we sat there talking. I had an appointment, but I gave her my key—the key to this door, George—and told her to come here and wait till I came. I was going to take care of her."

Crowther was a little hoarse. "Do you want the rest?" he asked harshly.

"Let's have it."

"Just as you like. . . . It was about eight o'clock when I got back here. Gwen met me at the door. She'd locked it. Clem had followed her here. He'd tried to start again where he'd left off. She unlocked the door and let me in. Clem Hollis was lying on the floor with a bread-knife in his back."

"It's not true. It . . . it's lies and wickedness."

"The only thought I had was covering up what she'd done," Crowther

EVERYBODY'S CROSSWORD (No. 9)

by Leslie Stokes

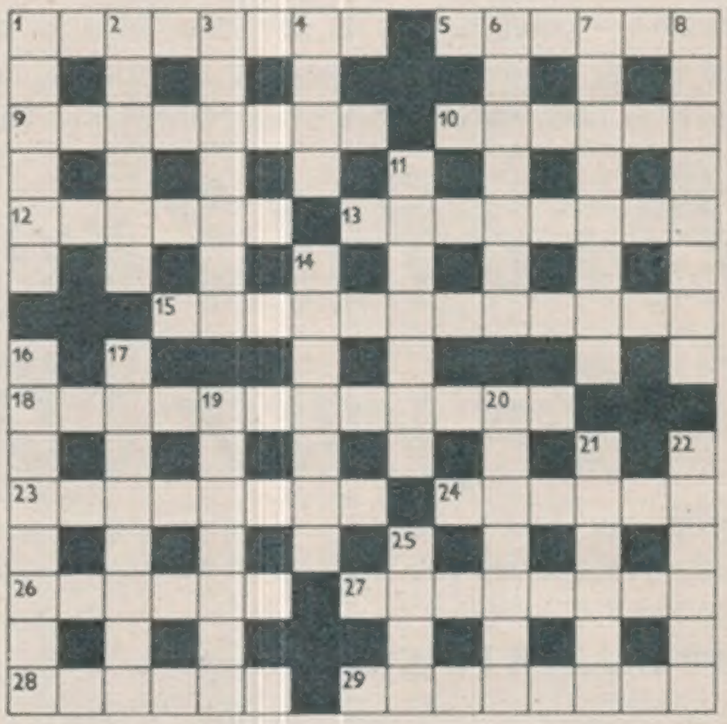
Prizes of one-guinea Book Tokens will be given for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries must be marked "Crossword No. 9" on the envelope and must be posted to reach this office (John Bull: Everybody's Weekly, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1) by Tuesday, January 12. No correspondence can be entered into about this puzzle.

ACROSS

1, 5. Game suggestion by an editorial writer to his friends. (6-2-6)
9. Our menus vary quite a lot. (8)
10. Country which takes television to heart. (6)
12. Flat denial from June Venables. (6)
13. Favourite comes round and takes part. (8)
15. Between ourselves, the needle slipped. (3, 3, 6)
18. Insult tailor as an example. (12)
23. Not in the open. (8)
24. Devil of a mix-up about the last letter in this piece of verse. (6)
26. Line of equal pressure I thus prohibit. (6)
27. Parting and the wish that goes with it. (8)
28. Scratch player of tender age. (6)
29. Part of a house almost monopolized by the oarsman. (8)

DOWN

1. Growth giving amusement to little Augustus. (6)
2. Little devil let outside becomes a hanger-on. (6)
3. It is I, speaking regally. (7)
4. Handle roughly—with a hammer. (4)
6. The first two letters seem enough to serve as an 18. (7)
7. With such feeling, I turn to in Devon. (8)
8. Emotional piece from a dry shop. (8)
11. Fresh trifle? (7)
14. Orion is, though not as a box-office attraction. (7)
16. Measuring rod for the oil sump. (8)



17. Unconscious reminder of a war-time precaution. (5-3)
19. Its contents confuse America and take in a wise man. (7)
20. Nothing at breakfast but porridge? (7)
21. A tissue, by the sound of it. (6)
22. Attack on the journey. (6)
25. Powder produced in a capital city. (4)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO. 5

ACROSS: 1, *Bulletin.* 5, *Drapes.* 9, *Coincide.* 10, *Igloos.* 12, *Leer.* 13, *Magistrate.* 15, *Mixed doubles.* 19, *Rough diamond.* 22, *Australian.* 24, *Dodo.* 26, *Asides.* 27, *Starfish.* 28, *Ninety.* 29, *Acid test.*
DOWN: 1, *Becalm.* 2, *Loiter.* 3, *Etch.* 4, *India.* 6, *Right turns.* 7, *Probable.* 8, *Suspense.* 11, *Diadem.* 14, *High priest.* 16, *Edible.* 17, *Try again.* 18, *Question.* 20, *Novice.* 21, *Top hat.* 23, *Attic.* 25, *Brad.*

THE WINNERS WERE

Mrs. B. Miles, 16 Mellor Street, Prestwich, Manchester.
Josephine Castle, The Vicarage, Old Wolverton, Bucks.
Mr. J. G. Faris, 15 Forester Road, Bathwick, Bath.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO. 6

ACROSS: 1, *Proscribe.* 9, *Potash.* 10, *Aggregate.* 11, *Moscow.* 12, *Far from it.* 13, *Cassia.* 17, *Buckinghamshire.* 18, *Review.* 22, *Perceived.* 23, *Gunman.* 24, *Off colour.* 25, *Needle.* 26, *Byzantine.*
DOWN: 2, *Raglan.* 3, *Strife.* 4, *Region.* 5, *Bats in the belfry.* 6, *Holocaust.* 7, *Sarcastic.* 8, *Show-cases.* 14, *Aborigine.* 15, *Scavenger.* 16, *Miserable.* 19, *Acacia.* 20, *Billet.* 21, *Return.*

The winners will be announced next week

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Walthamstow, E.17

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

A DIVERSION of traffic near my business for the purpose of carrying out road repairs was in operation for ten weeks and cost me an estimated £108 in gross takings. Can you tell me whether the local council has any obligation to compensate me for this loss in trade?—Mrs. W. A. S., Stockport, Cheshire.

● As the council has full legal powers to close streets or divert traffic during repairs, it has no liability to compensate you for any loss of trade caused.

HOUSE OBLIGATION

I KNOW of houses with neither bathrooms nor lavatories that have become vacant. Are the landlords compelled to install these amenities before the houses can be let again?—L. N., Brackley, Northants.

● A landlord is compelled to keep a house in a reasonably habitable condition and the local authority could compel him to provide a proper lavatory.

He has no legal obligation to provide a bathroom, unless he has been ordered to do so under a reconditioning order made by the local authority as a prerequisite to consent being given to let the house.

GETTING THE MESSAGE

IS one of the duties of the administrator of an estate (the deceased died intestate) to inform those entitled to a share? Or must they make a claim in order to benefit? What happens if they fail to make a claim? — Mrs. A. L., Southend, Essex.

● The administrator of an estate has no legal obligation to inform the beneficiaries of their share until the estate is wound up.

When it is he will be obliged to pay their shares under the rules of Intestacy. As he will have been required to enter into a bond to administer the estate according to law, the beneficiaries could sue him or the bondsman for the amount if he does not pay.

SETTLING THE BILLS BILL

MY daughter, a widow, is a rent-paying tenant of the end house in a row and one wall faces a main street. For sixteen years an advertising agency has been posting bills on this wall and has paid her a fee of £3 a year. Now the landlord is claiming the fee. There is no agreement covering it — who should have the money?—P. H., Headingley, Leeds, 6.

● If your daughter rents the whole house and there is no clause in the agreement prohibiting her using it for business purposes or exhibiting advertisements or signs without the landlord's consent, she appears to be entitled to the fee and the landlord has no right to claim it.

INTERIM DRIVING

RECENTLY my car was damaged in an accident, the other car being at fault. While mine is being repaired I wonder if I am entitled to hire another car and send the bill to the other party's insurance company. — J. D., Bowring Park, Liverpool, 14.

● You are entitled to claim for loss of the use of your car while it is being

continued from previous page

went on. "I put him into the well, and within a month I'd built the shed.

"Nobody bothered much about Clem. He'd often been away for months at a stretch. He'd no near relations. But I lost Gwen after all. She came back to you, George. She said I'd been through enough without being saddled for life with a murderess. She said you were the one for that."

"I often wondered what became of Clem," George Mudey said.

"Now you know," Crowther told him. "I've never loved anyone since, but Ralph's mother came along and life's been fairly pleasant. Shall we go to the police station now?"

George got up unsteadily. "By God, you're having your pound of flesh!"

"It won't hurt her now, George."

"I'll see you in hell first!"

"Then what are you going to do with Clem? I'm willing to admit my share of the business. No blame at all rests on your shoulders." Crowther waited. "Unless you prefer a more private remedy—a few bags of cement to seal off that disused well for ever?" He stood up. "You and I between us, George, have to keep Gwen's name unsullied."

"Get out!" said George.

Crowther smiled. "It might be as well, once Clem is safe underground again, to build that bungalow at the seaside. I could buy the cottage from you and let it. Ready, Ralph?"

Going towards town, Ralph was glum. Crowther stopped at a pub.

"Afraid it's been rather a blow to you," he said kindly. "But I needed a witness."

"My mother!" Ralph said bitterly. "You've never loved her, but life's been fairly pleasant."

"Ralph, let's have a drink?"

"With you? Don't be funny!"

"I could say that to you," Crowther said more sharply. "Come along!"

Inside, Crowther looked reflectively at his glass. "That," he said, "is the end of George Mudey."

"He's nothing to me," Ralph said. "You were."

Crowther grinned. "Will it make you feel better if I tell you that Clem Hollis lives in Canada?"

Ralph, blinking incredulously, turned

repaired. If it is essential that you should hire another for the period you would be justified in adding the cost to your general claim.

USE FOR OLD SPECTACLES

CAN you tell me the name and address of any organization which has a use for disused spectacles? I have several pairs of glasses in good condition which are no good to me.—Mrs. M. S., Denmead, Hants.

● On behalf of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, Miss Chandler, of 67 Welbeck Street, London, W.1, will be pleased to receive your disused spectacles.

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

I AM interested in joining the Falkland Islands Dependency Survey for a two-year period and wonder if there is someone to whom I can write for information.—H. H., Glasgow.

● The Crown Agents for Oversea Governments and Administration, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1, are responsible for appointments in connection with the survey.

Recruitment for the next tour will take place about March or April of 1960 and if you want information write to the above address, marking the envelope, "for the attention of Mr. W. Sloman."

You should mention a few facts about yourself, age, education, etc.

STARTING ON OUR OWN

WITH a friend I have started a small business on which we expect, over two or three years, to spend a considerable amount of money developing. During this period we shall be carrying on our normal jobs. Is there any way in which we claim tax relief on the money we shall be spending on the business?—J. C., Basildon, Essex.

● There is no income tax relief in respect of the capital outlay incurred in developing a business, unless this is expended on such things as plant and machinery.

If, for the first few years, the business shows a loss you can obtain income tax relief by setting this loss against your total income from other sources (unless the business is run as a limited company), or you can carry the losses forward and set them against future profits from the business.

LENGTH OF A KILT

HOW much material goes into the making of the average kilt?—E. F. R., Woodlands, near Doncaster, Yorks.

● A kilt for a man of average size needs about eight yards of material, and for a woman seven yards.

Worth Noting

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▶ **Plastic window boxes :** Give your home a springtime look with gay window boxes. Plastocraft Products make one which measures 30 in. long by 8 in. wide by 6½ in. deep in a colour choice of red, white, yellow, blue or green. Price 32s. 6d., retail, from all leading ironmongers.

Manufactured by Plastocraft Products (Darwen), Ltd., Spenbro Works, Whitehall, Darwen, Lancs.

▶ **Not all bunk:** A bunk bed which converts easily into two single beds and which is available in two widths, 2 ft. 6 in. and 3 ft., has been brought on to the market by Vono, Ltd. The frame is ebonized and the crossrails are of mahogany. Satin-finished gold-coloured aluminium rails at the head and the foot give style to the Bunkie.

A short ladder is an optional extra to aid access to the top bunk. The price of the 2 ft. 6 in. Bunkie ranges from £18 15s. without mattress to £34 5s. with. The 3-ft. costs £19 2s. 6d. without mattress or up to £35 17s. 6d. with mattress. The ladder costs £2 6s. 6d. By Vono, Ltd., Tipton, Staffs.

▶ **Bored with your sink?** Is the look of your sink spoiled by an old, worn wooden draining board? Replace this with a new Namell draining board of porcelain enamel. Rust-resisting brackets fit the board to the sink and there is a colour choice of white, cream, pastel green or pastel blue. This durable, easily cleaned drainer is made in two sizes, 24 in. by 16¾ in. and 21 in. by 16¾ in.

The prices, including tax, are 39s. 9d. and 37s. 4d. By National Enamels, Ltd., Norman Road, Greenwich, London, S.E.10.

his head. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"And that Gwen was the loosest woman in town?"

"You're crazy!" Ralph said. "Or else you were ten minutes ago, when you were talking to Mudey."

Crowther drank some of his beer. "I had a brief affair with Gwen before I met your mother.

"GWEN was a beautiful, dark-haired, moon-faced madonna. She had the greed of a vulture and the morals of an alley-cat, plus an air of innocence that would have deceived the keeper of heaven's gate. She married George Mudey for his money. He treated her badly, but she treated him worse. She went to Clem Hollis—I've more than a suspicion that George's son is actually Clem's. She left Clem and went back to George when Clem's money ran out.

"Seems a pity to saddle her with Clem's murder, but it's better than letting George stir up trouble."

"Then you didn't meet Gwen going to the station?"

"I didn't, Ralph."

"Lending her the key, finding Clem's body—there's nothing to this whole story of yours?"

"Nothing at all."

"I see." Ralph emptied his glass. "But whose is the skeleton?"

"I found that skeleton, in nineteen-twenty-eight, in pretty much the same way, I imagine, that George rediscovered it this week. There was a coin beside it—a nineteen-eleven ha'penny."

"Who had the cottage then?"

"A doctor. They say he had a very attractive wife. I should have gone straight to the police, of course.

"And I remembered that doctor. As a boy, I'd liked him. Perhaps, I thought, he was still alive. So I replaced the planks over the well.

"You know," Crowther said, as they drove homeward, "if George Mudey does put the place up for sale, and if I do buy it, I shall be tempted to discover that skeleton for the third time. . . . And take the course I should have taken thirty years ago. It would be interesting to see what the police made of it after so long. You see, it's a woman's skeleton." THE END

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